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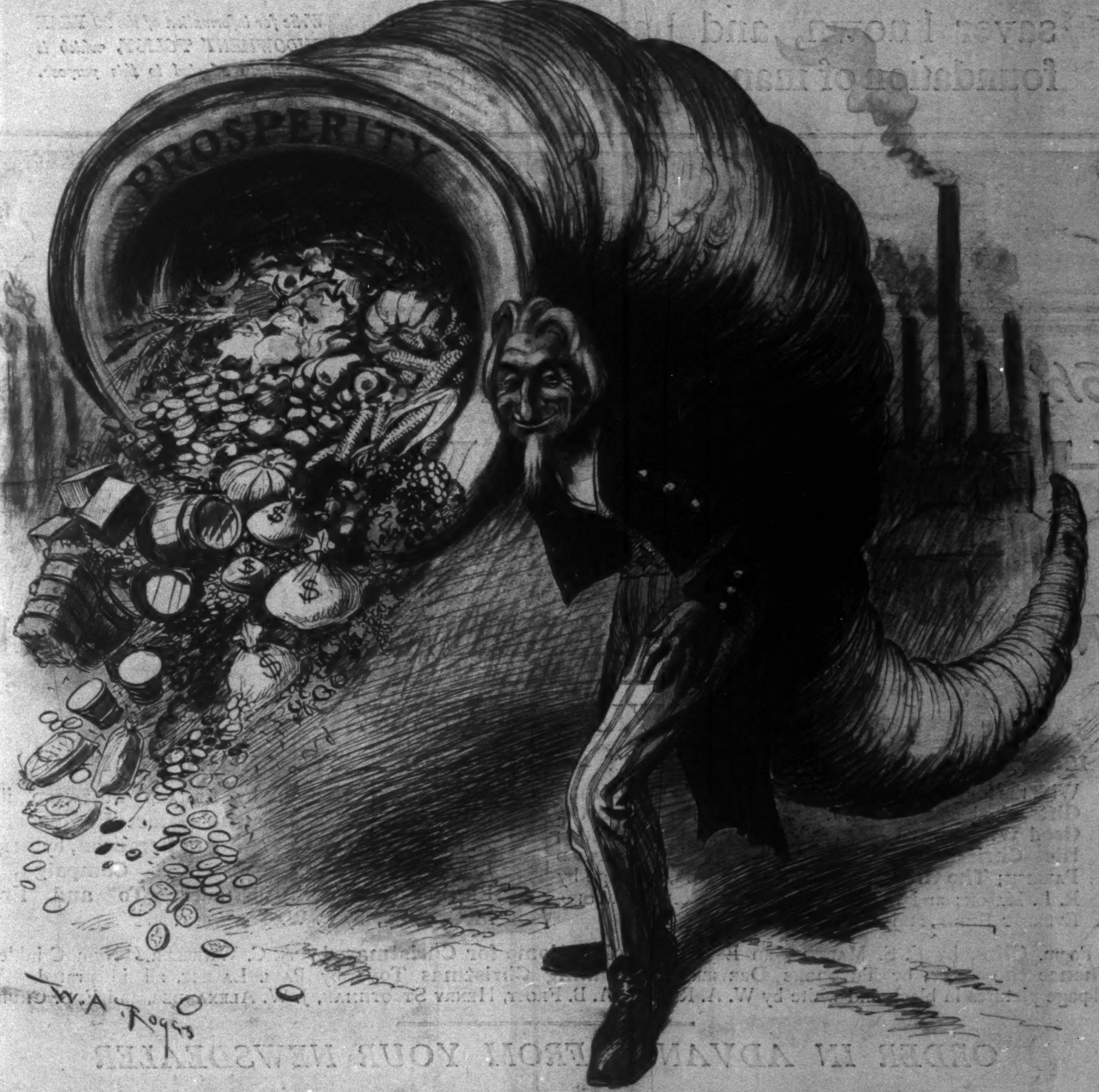
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK DECEMBER 1 : 1900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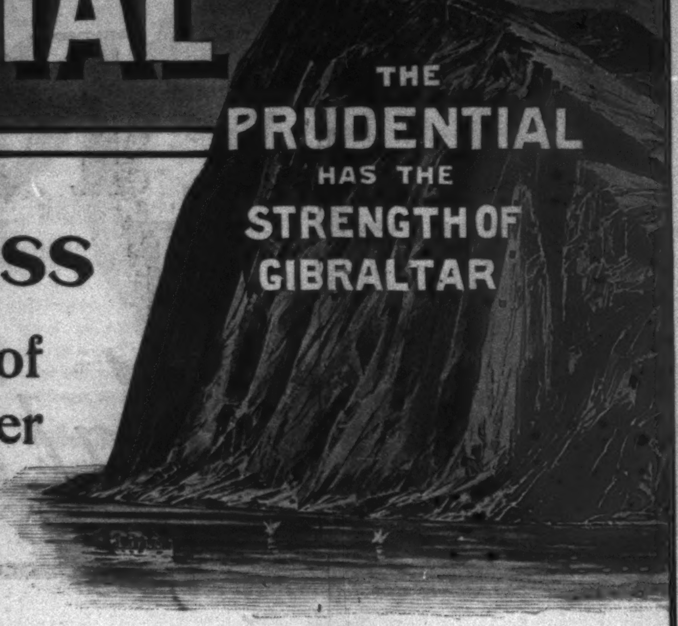

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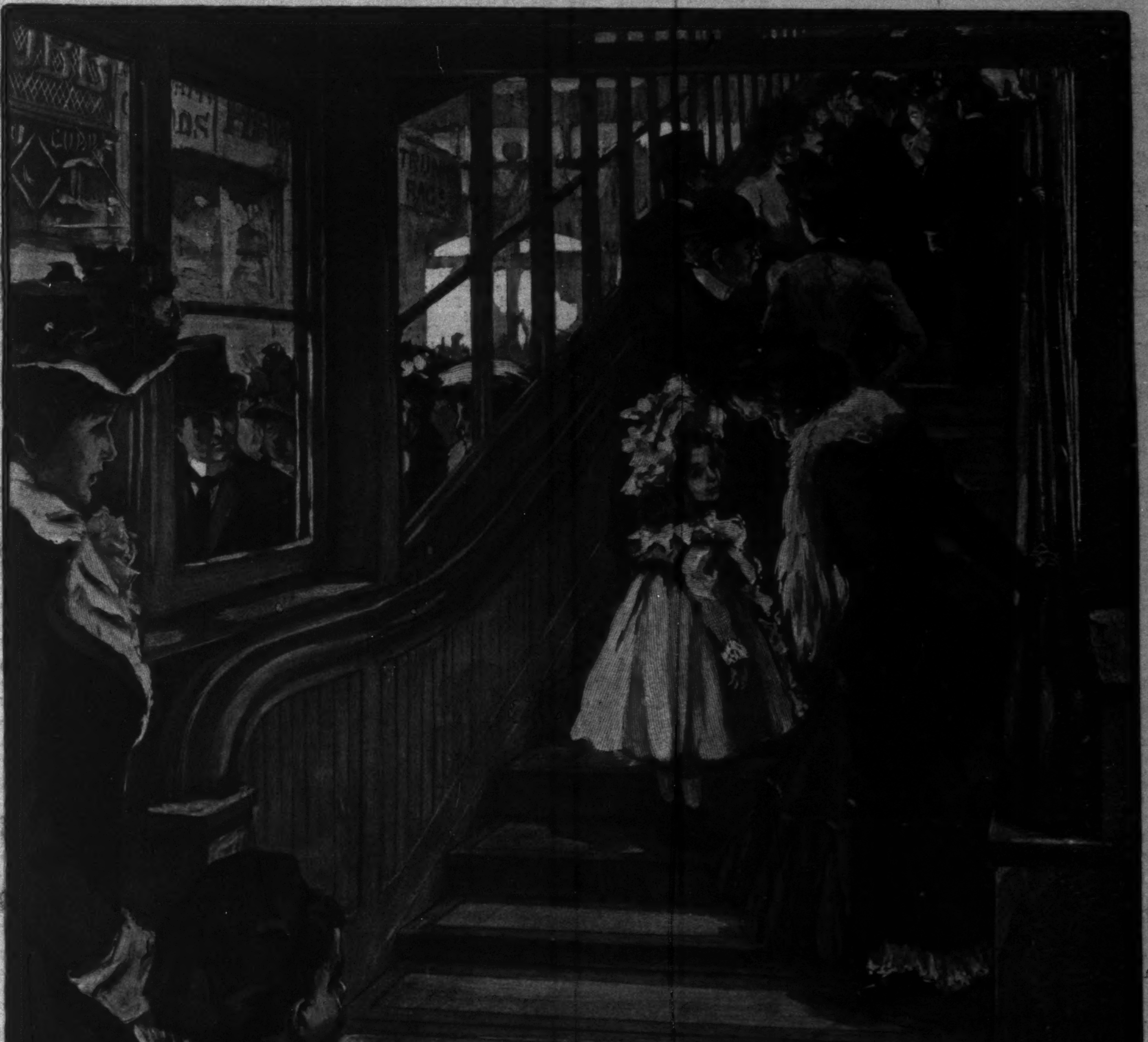

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THE CHRISTMAS WEEKLY

The next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, December 8, 1900, will be the Christmas Number. It comprises fifty-six pages of text and illustrations, and is the largest issue of any illustrated weekly periodical yet published. It is richly illustrated in color, and is in the fullest sense of the word a Christmas issue. A more detailed statement of its contents will be found on another page of this number.

Thanksgiving

The recurrence of Thanksgiving day sends the mind of the reflective man harking back a twelvemonth in a search for those things for which we should be devoutly grateful to a benign Providence. Individuals will differ, naturally, in the fervor of their gratitude for benefits received, since all have not been blessed with equal good fortune; into the lives of many affliction and misery have come; joy has been the lot of one, unhappiness the measure of another's days. Yet in all probability the good old feast of Thanksgiving finds most of us this year in a responsive mood, and if some of us are unable to uplift our voices in pæans of joy exactly, all things considered, the great bulk of those who think about the general situation, and who take the trouble to penetrate the darkness of the clouds by which they are oppressed in search of the sunshine that is back of them, find reason to bow their heads in reverential thanks to the great dispenser of all mercies. If we cannot rejoice in our own condition, we may at least participate in the ceremonial of thanksgiving in which our neighbor, who has been enriched, in his gratitude is indulging; in the depths of sorrow and ruin ourselves we may yet rejoice that health and prosperity have come to others, and in a philosophical contemplation of the joy and gratitude of the prosperous find forgetfulness of our own tribulations. To the properly constituted human being the good fortune and happiness of others are among the most satisfactory things in life to contemplate. The father oppressed by the cares and anxieties of business feels this when he gives something to his child that he knows will brighten the little chap's days. The mother feels a thrill of supreme happiness even in the stress of pain and sickness when she contemplates the radiance of her little one's face over some trivial incident that has made her child happy. And so it may be with all of us, even though we may be staggering under a load of trouble and misfortune that fills our souls with despair. The contagion of happiness is great, and on Thanksgiving day it is so much in the air that most of us should catch it, and having caught it, be properly thankful therefor. Even if there is little in the performance of the past to evoke our gratitude, and the task of being glad merely because others are so is too great a one in consideration of our present burdens, then it is possible to rejoice in the hope of the future, and "to be glad of life because it gives us the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars."

Apart from the individual's relation to the day and its duties, as a nation we have at this moment more to be grateful for than at any other time in our history. When we think of the stressful year through which we have passed, with its wars and its rumors of wars; with its conflicts, political and otherwise; with its moments of awful apprehension lest some dreadful tragedy had been enacted in a far country which would have plunged us into a desperate quarrel with a barbaric people—when we think of these things and consider how gradually the clouds have lifted, and the sunshine of peace has lightened up the dark places and left us unscathed and even stronger for our trials, as a people, at least, we should be on our knees before the throne of the Great Master of Human Destinies. The year of nineteen hundred has been one of fearsome interest, of grewsome apprehension, of deep and soul-stirring anxieties for the American people more than any other year since the civil war. That shortly before its close we are permitted to witness the clearing away of its anxieties, and to breathe the sigh of relief that comes from a surcease of impending troubles, is in itself a sufficient cause for all men and women in the land, irrespective of their own benefits or misfortunes, to join in all heartiness in that sincere offering of thanksgiving for which the day has been set apart.

Dangerous Classes in a Republic

A GENTLEMAN of respectable parentage, and of some note as a professional reformer, speaking recently on "Dangerous Classes in a Republic," is reported to have given expression to the following remarkable period.

> "If you want to find the dangerous classes in this city," he cried, "do not go into the East Side among the ignorant, the criminal, and the poor; do not go into the Tenderloin or any other like locality to find them. You would not find them by going to Tammany Hall or to the Chief of Police. But if you had stood at the doors of Delmonico's last night as the members of the Chamber of Commerce filed in to sit down to the annual dinner of that organization, or had you stood on the streets of this city when the Sound Money paraders passed by, you would have found them—guilelessly innocent that they were, but none the less the most dangerous classes in this city and in this republic."

This is a fine sentiment to find falling from the lips of a man of decent extraction, of no little culture, and of some position among the reputable elements of society. It is not the thief, the gambler, or the dive-keeper; it is not the derelict chief officer of the municipal police, whose eyes are closed to the unspeakable crimes that are day after day and night after night going on under his very nose; it is not the corrupt and imperial organization that gains its strength from the cohesive power of public plunder, and that has notoriously enriched itself by trafficking in the bodies, souls, consciences, and liberties of human beings, that is the great menace to the safety of republican institutions—but the one hundred and ten thousand patriotic men who, at the risk of their health, and irrespective of party affiliations, made a powerful demonstration in behalf of the nation's financial and commercial honor who are the rogues; it is the great business organizations of the leading city of the country, made up of men of the highest integrity, of the purest motives, of the keenest sense of personal honor in meeting every obligation in life, which must be accounted as the agency of destruction by which the guiding principles of the republic are to be dragged down into the mire!

It is a wonder that the Rev. Howard Crosby, of cherished memory, does not rise up from his grave and protest. We think he might tell his distinguished son that a worse menace to the community than any of those enumerated is the man with a gift of language, of education, of standing in the community, who prostitutes these advantages to an abuse of the blessed privilege of free speech by giving utterance to wicked libels upon the most honorable elements represented in the whole social order.

The Cuban Constitutional Convention

The Cuban Constitutional Convention is getting along very well. At this writing nothing of importance as regards the instrument under whose provisions the new republic will be governed has been accomplished, but in the adoption of rules for its own government the convention is showing commendable alacrity and no little capacity. The delegates are giving full vent to their oratorical powers, and are revelling in a freedom of speech the like of which they have never known before. If it so happen that their deliberations are prolonged over what may seem to us an unnecessary number of days, it will be well for us to remember that after years and years of accumulation it is not to be wondered at if their pent-up eloquence bursts forth with a torrential force that is overwhelming. It is interesting to note that one of the chief topics for debate up to the present has been the publicity of the convention's sessions. Certain of the delegates oppose with fervor the article in their rules providing that the sessions shall be public except when the convention is dealing with matters concerning its own decorum, or when for some special reason the convention chooses to deliberate behind closed doors. It is not easy to understand why persons who have so strenuously advocated the liberties of the people for so many years should at this time desire to withhold their confidence from the people in a matter so vitally affecting their interests as the framing of the charter of their rights, and in our judgment Señor Zayas, in advocating public sessions, hit the nail squarely on the head when he called attention to the fact that the convention, according to the articles to be discussed later, would be divided into committees, which, holding private sessions, would enable all the delegates to express their views without cause for timidity. He added, with much force, that the delegates should be protected against suspicious people, and that their only protection was publicity. All Cuba is eagerly watching what the convention is doing, Señor Zayas said; and the convention, in its turn, needs to be accompanied by public opinion, which will be a great help.

Considering the temperament of the Cubans, and their proneness to suspect others of a desire to infringe upon their rights, it is important that everything that is done should be accomplished in the broad light of day. It is quite as important for ourselves, too, as it is for the Cubans. There must be no possibility of an after-criticism of the instrument that certain provisions have been inserted for the promotion of the selfish purposes of Uncle Sam; and whatever influence Americans have in Havana at the present time should be exerted to give to the deliberations of the convention the widest publicity.

Twain the Philanthropist

MARK TWAIN is daily showing himself more and more of a philanthropist, as well as a humorist. It is not at all difficult for him to make the world laugh. It is in him to do it. He is in his essentials the kind of a man to whom the humorous expression of an idea is the natural one, and to be funny is as easy for him as it is for most people to talk. But when it comes to standing up for the rights of the oppressed as against an aggressive oppressor, that is not an easy task for any man, and that the genial Twain should drop his laughing exterior for the moment and assume the stern inflexible manner of a Daniel come to judgment against the tyrannical exactions of the Metropolitan hackman will endear him to the hearts of thousands who have suffered at the hands of this most rapacious class of highwaymen.

We know of no Trust that is so dangerous to the pocket of the citizen as the free and independent Metropolitan Jehu who is doing business on his own account. Many of them, it is true, are possessed of a conscience, and in many matters outside of the question of what is the proper fare for a drive of a mile or two have in them the making at least of good, true, and virtuous men, but when it comes to the question of the tariff for a short course or a long one the average cab-driver is no more reliable in his conclusions than the general run of handwriting experts. Most of us, encountering an Ali Baba on the box, or a Dick Turpin enthroned behind a hansom, suffer extortion rather than subject ourselves to the annoyance of an encounter with our Chesterfieldian Mayor, but Mark Twain is built of sterner stuff and submits tamely to no such outrage.

Would we had more of such strenuously good citizens! With a hundred Clemenses in New York, the stranger within our gates having two or three hundred dollars in his pocket might ride a block or two in a cab and after paying his fare have enough money left to telegraph home for more.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT

EDUCATION. By C. M. Woodward

IT is difficult to decide whether recent improvements in the methods and content of education have been largely the cause or largely the effect of the progress everywhere seen in the application of the exact sciences to the industrial arts. There is, however, no difficulty in deciding that progress in pure science, as developed by the schools, was the cause of the great beginnings in industrial life which marked the middle of the nineteenth century. The conservation and the transformation of energy, the laws of chemical union and analysis, thermodynamics, the theory of structures, the strength of materials, and the fine art of drafting preceded nearly all the important inventions and improvements in manufacture and transportation on land and sea. Thus the scientific schools did much to develop the very agencies which since that time have furnished the greatest encouragement to the educational system itself.

I shall leave it to others to point out the educational progress of the century in the direction of literature and historical research, and in the higher analysis and criticism of the literature of other centuries. History itself is getting to be an exact science, and not chiefly an interesting account of what might have been, and what to a certain extent probably was. Intercommunication, the publication of early records, and the careful preservation of historic archives give to the student of history opportunities which were formerly denied.

The characteristic progress of the nineteenth century in education has been based upon a minute study of the material universe, and the laws which hold in the manifestations and utilization of mechanical energy and force. In other words, during the last fifty years the great technical wing of the educational army has been created. A school for civil engineers was organized in Troy, New York, in 1835. Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth followed the example of Troy in 1847, 1848, and 1852, respectively. There are now, according to the latest report of the Commissioner of Education, over sixty technical institutions which in appointment and in educational opportunity far outstrip what the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was fifty years ago. The students in technical courses of college grade now number some 20,000 young men.

The Land Grant Act of Congress in 1862 called into being a College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts in every State. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, organized in 1865, is perhaps the most successful technical school in the world. The material outfit of these technical schools embodies vast expenditures for educational appliances which were not dreamed of sixty-five years ago.

No longer does a "log with a college president on one end and a student on the other" satisfy the chief educational demand. Noble scholarly men are in greater demand than ever, but even scholarship has taken on new and wider meanings. One hundred years ago a "scholar" was one who was critically familiar with all classical literature; who could quote ancient authors with accuracy; who was as much at home with the disquisitions of the fathers as with the poetry of Horace or Homer; who stoutly maintained that every lawyer must read Quintilian and the Institutes, every physician must read Galen, and every theologian must read Aristotle and the New Testament—all too, in the original tongues.

To-day one may achieve high scholarship along many different lines—ethnology, geology, natural history, experimental sciences, modern languages, sociology, or pedagogy. The reaction against the traditional curriculum which mainly cultivated the memory and which appealed so largely to authority has found expression most fully in the organization and support of "modern-side" schools of secondary and higher grades.

This great change in the extent and character of higher education has had its legitimate influence upon secondary education, in which many things have been developed which the academy and high-school of fifty years ago knew nothing of. This development has been directly brought about by an attempt to give an elementary knowledge and culture in the direction of the natural sciences, which should form a proper basis for higher technical courses, in the same manner that an elementary knowledge of Latin and Greek furnishes a basis for the higher studies in ancient literature which are offered by the literary departments of colleges and universities.

As a consequence, chemical laboratories came into existence about forty years ago, modelled somewhat in this country upon the chemical laboratories of Germany.

Later came physical laboratories, where, not the instructor alone, but all the pupils of a class, in systematic order, are enabled to test, illustrate, and sometimes to discover physical laws. The development of well-equipped laboratories and well-planned courses of laboratory work in physics for secondary schools are scarcely twenty years old; but at the close of the century they form a most striking feature in secondary school-work.

Still more recent than either chemical or physical laboratories are laboratories for the study of botany and zoology in secondary schools. The number of such laboratories is still small, but their growth in number and in quality at the present time is very rapid, and it is safe to predict that within ten years no good secondary school will be without its biological laboratory, with individual appliances for the examination, analysis, and record of typical plants and animals.

Side by side with the development of laboratories has during recent years come a great development in the department of instrumental or mechanical drawing, and the co-ordinate and closely related department of manual training (which term is sometimes made to include both the drawing and the tool-work). I shall speak more in detail of this work later on. I wish at this point merely to call attention to the organization of these several departments, which, when combined with the study of mathematics, English composition, and literature, and more or less study of other languages, make up the curricula of many modern secondary schools.

It is scarcely fifty years since the State of Massachusetts passed a law requiring every town of 500 families to maintain a high-school in which the pupils should be prepared for college. Some six years since, it passed a law requiring every city of 20,000 inhabitants to incorporate manual training into its high-school course of study.

What has been done for manual training in Massachusetts by legislative action has been done by private individuals, or by separate communities, in nearly every State in the Union, with the result that secondary education now looks out in more directions, aims at more kinds of culture, and appeals to a very much larger proportion of the school population than it did twenty years ago. This deliberate and systematic attempt to provide an education which shall bring the child directly in contact with the natural world on the one hand, and existing institutions of human activity on the other, is characteristic of the education at the close of the nineteenth century, and it stands in sharp contrast with the secondary education with which the century began.

In those early days there were no public schools in the country. Secondary education, when obtainable at all, was to be found at private schools and at endowed academies. In fact the few colleges of those days were scarcely more than secondary schools, and in all of them the training was regarded as directly preparatory to a career in one of the three professions—law, medicine, and theology.

At the present day one dare not limit the number of professions. Engineering has been divided and subdivided. Architecture is no longer one, but many, in view of the specialties of steel structures, churches, libraries, factories, and railway architecture. Even commercial education is taking on new rank and new dignity; and the end is not yet.

Manual training, as this term was first used and as it is now generally understood, refers to the systematic and progressive study of typical tools, and the materials of construction, chiefly wood, iron, and steel. Intimately connected with this concrete work is the art of the draftsman, an art essential to all mature designing and useful to all the arts. This limitation of the meaning of manual training is due to the fact that the manual-training school itself was originally organized as in part preparatory to a school of technology.

It had been clearly recognized in England, France, and Germany, and it was coming to be clearly recognized in America, that the technically educated man must be familiar as a matter of course not only with practical drafting, but with the processes of construction and with the materials to be used. It was also seen that the typical tools and the correct theory of their use, as well as the rudiments of drawing, involved only simple elements which were suited to the secondary school. A great deal of time could be saved to the student engaged upon the study of civil, mechanical, mining, or electrical engineering, or upon the study of architecture, if he could learn his elementary drawing and get systematic practice in tool-work during the period of secondary education.

It was also evident that in many of the ordinary arts of life exact drawing and systematic tool-work enter in such a way as to form the basis for all the attainments of the skilled mechanic. It was thus felt that the boy who expected to be a mechanic in some one of the many trades would greatly profit by a systematic course of instruction and practice in drafting and manual training in a secondary school. The systematic instruction here referred to was not obtainable anywhere under the existing industrial system. All commercial establishments were organized and managed in the interest of the proprietors of the shop. It was necessary that an establishment should be organized which should be managed in the interest of the boys who came there to be educated and trained.

Another important motive which led to the support of the first manual-training school was the desire to furnish opportunity for the development of natural aptitudes, thereby furnishing ground for an intelligent choice of occupation. It was seen that the great majority of boys stepped out into the world with no adequate knowledge of themselves, so that their choice of occupation, if choice it could be called, was a matter of whim or environment, with no clear knowledge of natural and inborn fitness. The man who first contributed money towards the organization of a manual-training experiment in St. Louis did it with a distinct understanding that it was to be a department in which a boy might find out what his natural and legitimate bias was, if he had one, so that his future career might be selected advisedly.

Finally, it was felt that many boys have such a dislike for grammars and dictionaries involving mere memory, and such a strong taste for physical activity which calls into play both mental and physical functions, that they prefer to be called stupid, dull, and ignorant, rather than endure the restraints and ennui of the ordinary school. It was believed that the introduction of shop-work and drawing would give such boys an opportunity to consult their tastes, to exercise their powers, and that, as a consequence, school would become attractive, and those who had been called dull and unhappy and troublesome might become bright, happy, and successful students.

Thus there were four distinct reasons for organizing the first manual-training school, which may be recapitulated briefly as:

First.—Preparation for a higher technical school.

Second.—Preparation for active work in a mechanical field.

Third.—An opportunity for making a judicious choice of occupation.

Fourth.—The enriching of the school curriculum by the introduction of manual features, thereby making it attractive to boys, active physically as well as mentally.

The necessity of the manual element in education was felt long before a practical solution of the problem was reached. Since the days of Locke and Rousseau there have not been wanting advocates of the manual element, sometimes in the education of particular classes of boys, and sometimes for all boys and all girls alike. But how to combine an education in the mechanic arts with an education in books seemed to be a practical problem of great difficulty. In the trade schools of Germany and France, in the elementary schools of Sweden and Finland, an education to practical work along special and narrow lines was early established. There was, however, in this work no attempt at general training, but the definite purpose was that of teaching an occupation in the most direct and efficient manner. In the United States, with the exception of two or three schools in the city of New York, trade schools properly so-called have gained no foothold. America has evolved not trade schools, but manual-training schools, the first one of which was organized in St. Louis in 1879, and which began its regular work in 1880.

The difficulties attending the organization of these schools were largely overcome by the adoption of some ideas put into practice in the Imperial Technical School of Moscow by the Director Della-Vos in 1868. This Russian school was not a school for general education. On the contrary, it was exclusively for the training of government engineers, but the course of shop-work instruction contained an element which has proved to be of very general value.

The course of training in the Russian school extended over six years. During that time the students learned the theory of the tools, the nature of materials, and the fundamental principles of construction. During the last three years they applied the principles already mastered and the knowledge and skill already gained to practical work upon constructions needed by the Russian government.

The educational part of this course of training was what interested the external world, and this was fully exhibited at Philadelphia in the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and was reported upon by Dr. J. D. Runkle, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It was at once seen that the method of educational tool-work was discovered. There was no longer any question like that which had been bandied back and forth in England for several years, viz., whether the school should be taken into the ordinary shop, or the ordinary shop should be taken into the school; on the other hand, it was clear beyond question that the school should have a shop peculiar to itself, and that the method of tool instruction should more resemble the method of the physical and the chemical laboratory than it should the work in progress in commercial establishments. It was believed that the school should not be converted into a factory, and that the more it resembled a factory the less it would resemble a school. It was agreed that the commercial idea should be kept out of the shop as much as it was kept out of the chemical laboratory. The science of education should dominate the methods of the shop as well as the methods of the drawing-room and the department of biology. In the judgment of the writer this recognition of the science of education was the most valuable feature in the organization of the St. Louis Manual-Training School in 1879.

The prospectus and the early reports of the St. Louis school attracted much attention throughout the country. The theory and some of the work of the school were by special request presented to the National Teachers' Association at Saratoga in 1882, and again in 1883. Teachers, superintendents, and committees visited the St. Louis school from all parts of the country, and within five years similar schools were opened in Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Toledo, and New York, in the order mentioned. According to the latest reports of the Commissioner of Education, the number of manual-training schools, including high-schools with well-equipped manual-training departments, and the agricultural and mechanical colleges which admit pupils as young as sixteen years of age to a secondary course of training, has already reached several hundred; so that the question of the introduction of manual training into secondary schools no longer exists. It is already there.

No better evidence of the public demand for the manual-training high-school could be found than in that furnished by the statistics of the Manual-Training High-School of Kansas City, Missouri.

The city already had a well-equipped and well-attended high-school of decidedly superior quality, but it was claimed that it only in part met popular demands. After full discussion and in consequence of a clear popular demand, a manual-training high-school was started three years ago, with the same conditions of admission as the old high-school. The building and its equipment cost $150,000. It now has 1500 pupils, and the old high-school has practically the same number of pupils that it had three years ago. The report from Philadelphia is equally significant.

The four reasons which led to the organization of the manual-training school have been given above with great distinctness because they were clearly seen and appreciated before the school was opened. It is but the simple truth, however, to say that the most important argument in favor of manual training was not in the beginning recognized to any great extent. Manual training had proved to be a better thing than any of us supposed. It has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. What was thought to be particularly valuable for certain classes in the community has been found to be of great value to all. A certain amount of manual training seems to be almost essential to the healthy development of the intellect and the moral nature. Self-directed activity, the intelligent use of tools and appliances, the recognition of the laws of action and reaction, of force and energy, the necessity of accuracy, forethought, and system—all lead to the mastery of material things and to the cultivation of executive power. I have repeatedly called attention to the strong moral influence of manual training and to its fine effects in promoting clear and definite thinking. I am happy to quote a few words on this point from Professor William James, of Harvard University:

"The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the introduction of the manual-training schools, not because they will give us a people more handy and practical for domestic life and better skilled in trades, but because they will give us citizens with an entirely different intelectual fibre. Laboratory-work and shop-work engender a habit of observation, a knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and an insight into nature's complexity, and into the inadequacy of all abstract verbal accounts of real phenomena, which, once wrought into the mind, remain there as life-long possessions. They confer precision, because, if you are *doing* a thing, you do it definitely right or definitely wrong. They give honesty; for when you express yourself by making things, and not by using words, it becomes impossible to dissimulate your vagueness or ignorance by ambiguity. They beget a habit of self-reliance. They keep the interest and attention always cheerfully engaged, and reduce the teacher's disciplinary functions to a minimum."

From Robert H. Thurston, the distinguished engineer, comes this strong statement: "I regard the manual-training movement as a most important and desirable one for all classes and for all sorts and conditions of men. I think it an essential element of general education, not at all as a department of technical education. Its purpose, like kindergartening, is that of gymnastic, symmetrical development of the powers of the child."

It was not supposed that tool instruction could be made as elementary, analytical, and logical as are the fundamental rules of arithmetic, but such has proved to be the fact. Disorder was feared, but well-arranged shop-work is no more a cause of disorder or laxity in school discipline than is a chemical laboratory. On the contrary, the natural craving of a healthy boy for physical activity, for the handling of tools and instruments, for practice in manipulation, is satisfied to so large a degree that the superabundant energy of boyhood has little occasion to break out into disorder.

In the beginning it was greatly feared that the introduction of such common and vulgar matters as carpentry, forging, metal-fitting, etc., into the daily work of pupils would be to lower their tastes and to make them more or less sordid in their aims. It was believed by some that pecuniary values would enter so often and so prominently into the daily régime that the high ideals of art and polite learning would be driven into the background. The editor of one educational journal went so far as to predict that "the graduates of manual-training schools would probably form a mass of degraded operatives." Highly cultivated parents often gave utterance to a suspicion that manual training would naturally lead a boy to seek associates among the carpenters and blacksmiths of his neighborhood, thus having a tendency to lower him in the social scale. In sharp contrast to this very natural but unnecessary apprehension is the striking indifference of parents to the degrading associations of interscholastic athletics, which so universally bring schoolboys and college students into the companionship of professional sports and betting-men.

These fears, suspicions, and predictions provoke a smile to-day, for every teacher of experience knows that the fears were groundless and the predictions false. Nowhere does one find young men of higher character, of nobler aims, of more refined tastes, than he finds among those who have taken a thorough course of manual training as a part of their educational work. It is true the boy comes to respect skill and leadership and to look up to the accomplished engineer and man of science, but he respects equally the artists and the makers of good literature. It is not too much to say that manual training has proved itself an element of moral, intellectual, and artistic worth, and its wholesome effect is manifest industrially and commercially, and its healthy social influence is beginning to appear.

The twentieth century will recognize the necessity of an education to things as well as to books. The aim of the past has been to make a few men thinkers and many men workers. Both have been imperfect. The aim of the future is to make all men both thinkers and workers. Universal education is to be adapted to the universal condition; and unless our whole theory of civilization is wrong, that condition must be universal intelligence, culture, and industry.

During recent years the range of manual training has been greatly extended by incorporating its simpler elements and practice into the course of study of the elementary schools. Splendid results have been achieved in this direction, for which credit must be given to hundreds of able and devoted teachers East and West. Not only the boys, but the girls of the higher grammar grades are given a training to things. Sometimes light wood-work with keen-edged tools; sometimes it is with woven fabrics and the use of the needle, thread, and worsted; sometimes it is with food elements and the agencies of heat and acids; sometimes it is with the art, the economics, and the management of the house and home. Both the subjective and the objective value is as marked for the girl as for the boy.

Domestic science as well as manual training has secured permanent footing in grammar grades. No longer will any city school system be considered complete which does not furnish to every boy elementary tool-work during the seventh and eighth years of his school life, to the amount of two or three hours per week as a minimum; and to every girl of the same grades either the same as the boys get, with the promise of household economics in the secondary school, or the elements of needle-work, plain cooking, and tidy housekeeping in the seventh and eighth grades.

It is only just to say that it is in the schools of Boston that this work has been most successfully inaugurated. It is not necessary to name either the generous patrons, the wise officers, or the devoted teachers who have joined forces to do the work. They are worthy of all honor and grateful remembrance. In Boston Swedish Sloyd has been fairly naturalized. The world owes a great debt to Herr Solomon for showing how much of moral purpose, of technical method, and of manual skill there may be in the simplest constructions with a few of the most elementary tools. To the primitive work of the Swedes has been added the use of the principles of real constructions, with the result that *Sloyd* is now in many ways admirably adapted to the first steps in manual training.

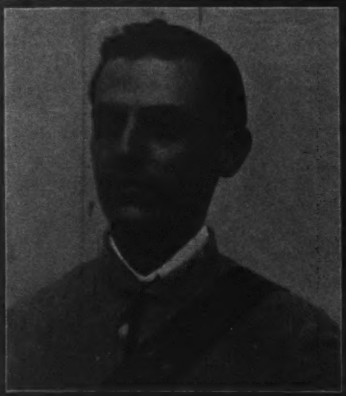
Any review of educational progress during the last few decades would be manifestly imperfect if it did not refer to the origin and to the development of the kindergarten. It is scarcely sixty years since Froebel organized his Little Children's Garden, and since he published to the world his theory of education; yet the kindergarten is now well established in every progressive community, and the underlying ideas are more or less incorporated into our whole system of education. The watchwords of the kindergarten—Unity, Continuity, Self-Activity, Freedom—characterize the New Education from first to last, and they readily cover all that has been done in nature study, sloyd, manual training, and in the laboratory methods of higher education. The work of Elizabeth Peabody and Mrs. Quincy Shaw in Boston, that of Miss Susan E. Blow and Dr. William T. Harris in St. Louis, marked the beginning of a great era in education; but the subject is too large for the limited space assigned to me, and I feel sure that it will be properly dealt with by other and abler hands.

TO NEXT THANKSGIVING

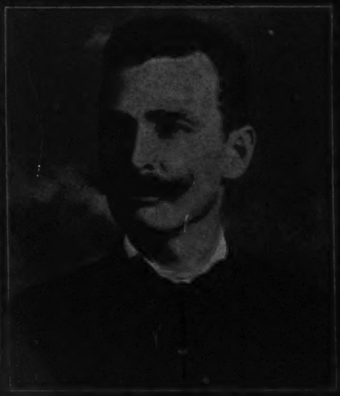
BY KATE PARSONS LATHROP

'TIS not to him who has his friend
And sits about his turkey,
That we propose this humble toast,
All hasty, short, and jerky:
But unto him who sits alone
And dreams of bygone revels;
And unto him who dines to-day
With well-known dark blue devils;
And unto him that's sorrow's guest;
And unto him who, chaffing,
Drinks down the gall and hides it all
Beneath a mask of laughing—
We merrymakers lift our cups
And cheer: "May next Thanksgiving
Bring better luck to every chap
Who's sorry now he's living!"

Arrival of General Wood at the Convention.

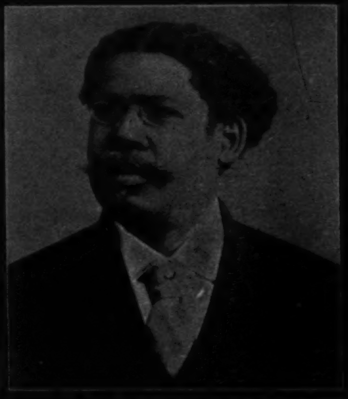


Enrique de la Torre,
Santa Clara.

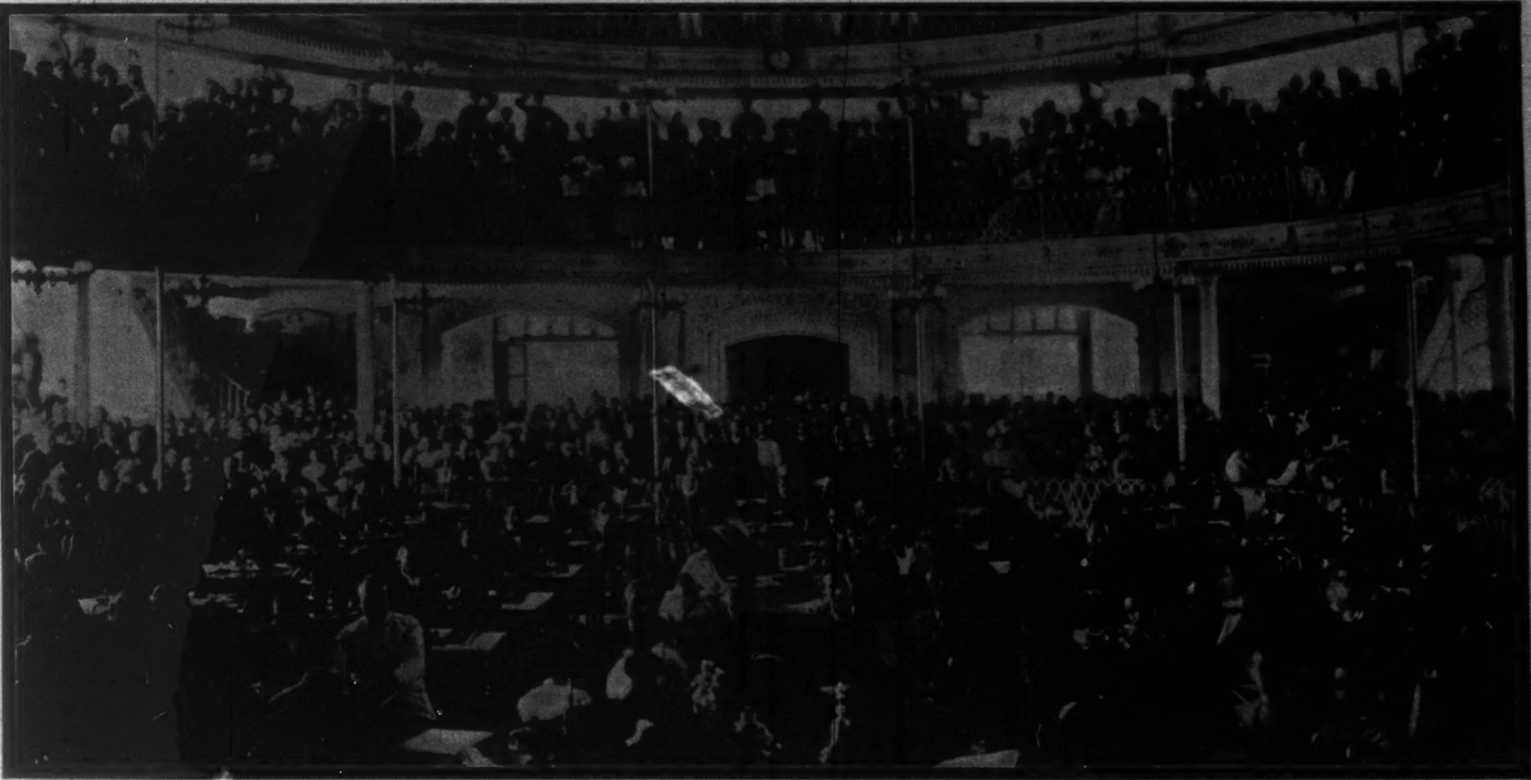


Manuel Sanguilly,
Havana.

Jose Braulio Aleman,
Santa Clara.



Juan G. Gomez,
Santiago.

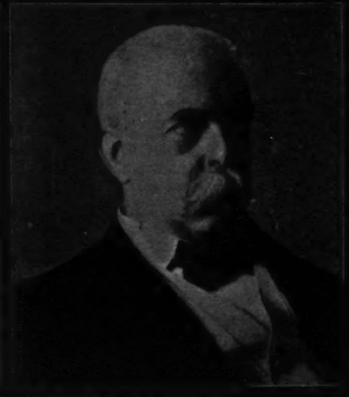


General View of the Convention from the President's Chair.

Emilio Nunez,
Havana.

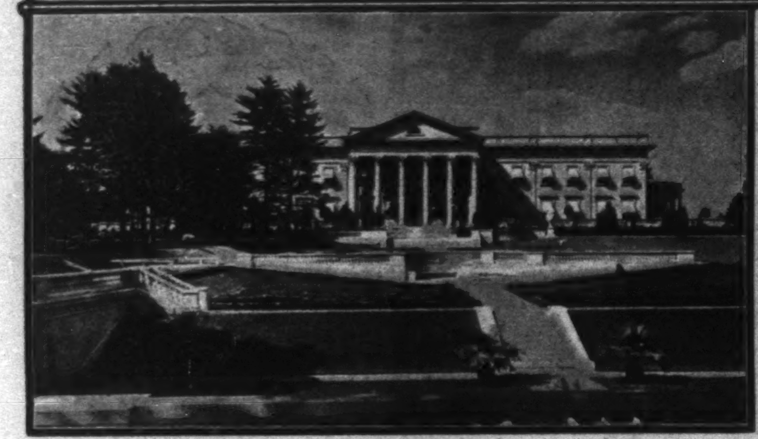
Jose Fernandez Castro,
Santiago.

Pedro Gonzalez Llorente,
Santa Clara.

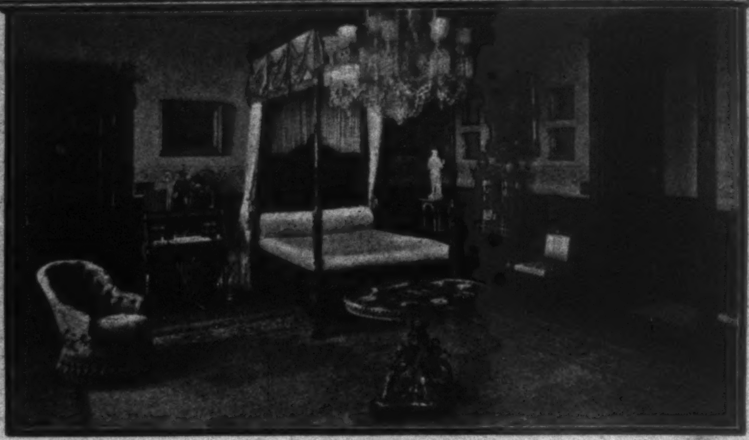


Enrique Jose Verona,
Secretary of Public Instruction.

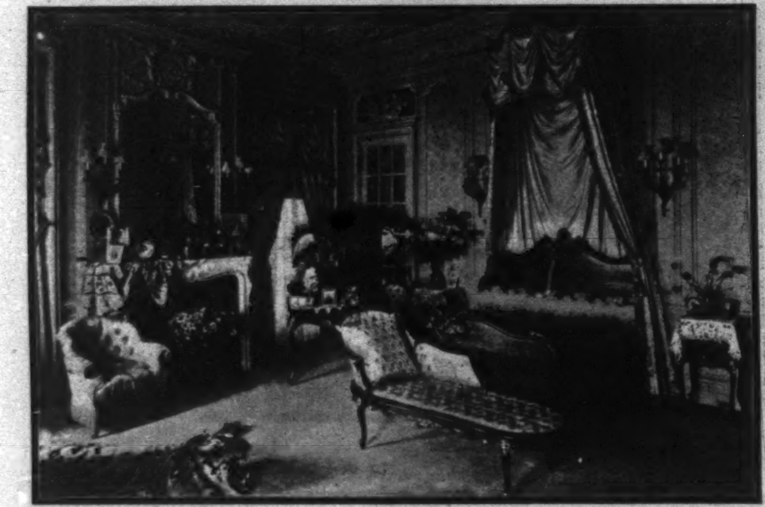
THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION NOW IN SESSION AT HAVANA.



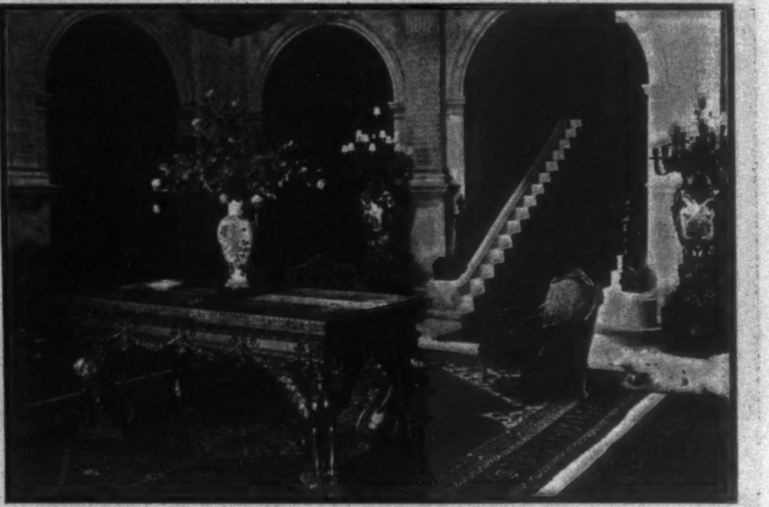
The South Front.



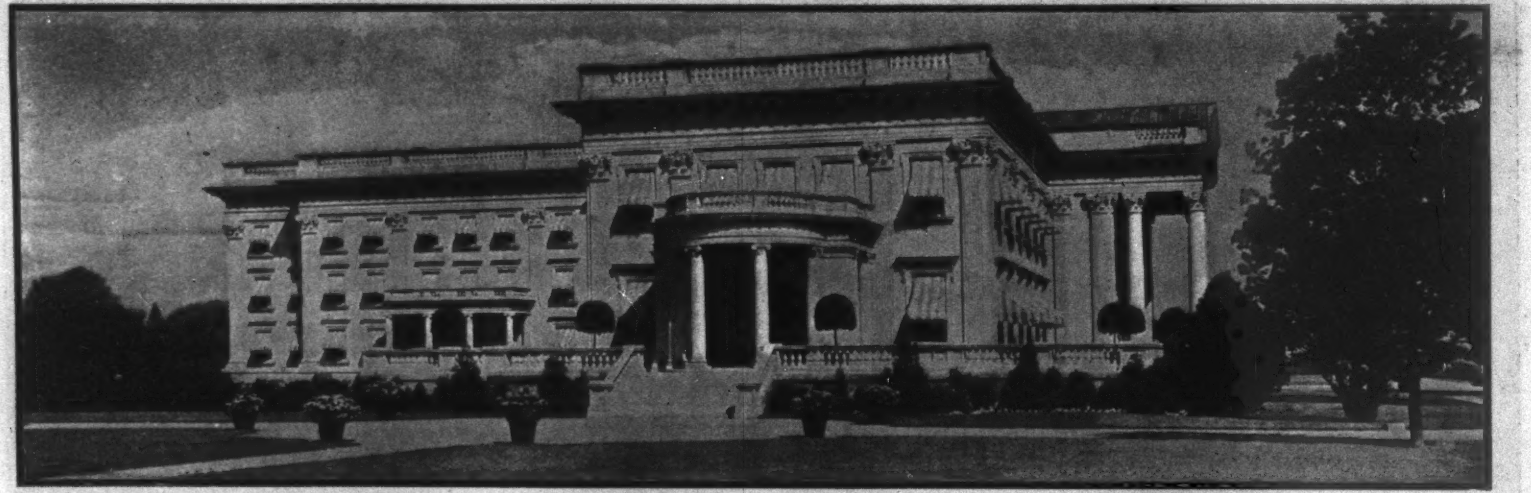
A Bed-Room.



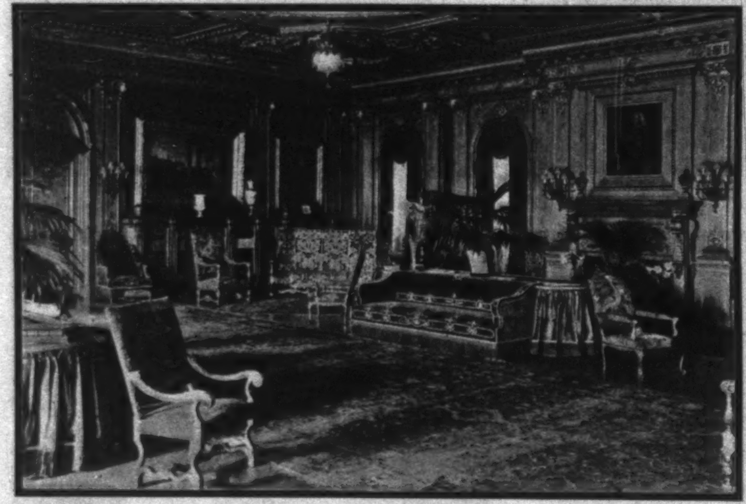
A Louis XIV. Room.



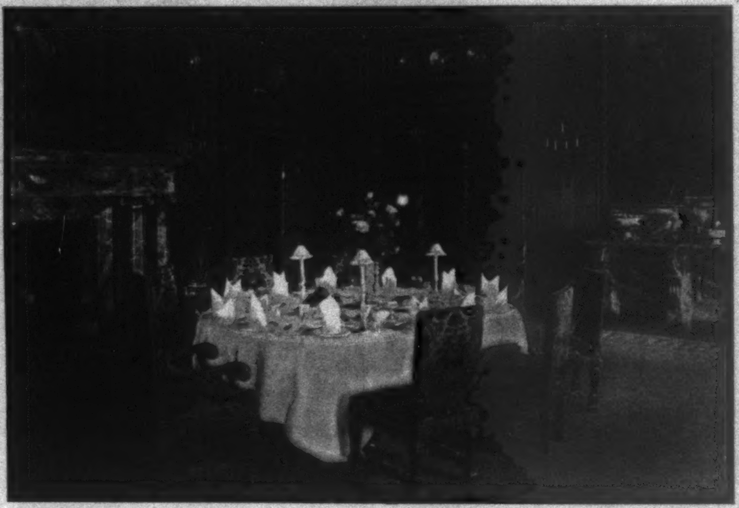
Main Entrance-Hall.



The Western Facade.



The Library.



The Dining-Room.

A STATELY AMERICAN HOME.

The Residence of Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Ashbourne, Pennsylvania.

The Demolition of the Dewey Arch.

Mr. Dooley*

XLVIII.—ON THANKSGIVING

"WHIN I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "I often heerd Thanksgivin' day alooded to fr'm th' altar as a pagan fistival. Father Kelly don't think so. He says 'twas founded be th' Puritans to give thanks f'r bein' presarved fr'm th' Indyans, an' that we keep it to give thanks we are presarved fr'm th' Puritans. In th' beginnin', Hinnissy, 'twas a relijous fistival, like th' day afther iliction in th' synagogues. Ye see th' Puritan fathers, whose dayscindants mostly live in Kansas now, had had such a divvle iv a time inthrajoocin' rellijon an' slavery among th' savage r-red men that they found huntin' th' wild cranberry in th' neighborhood iv Salem, Mass., that whin th' job was completed they set apart a day to thank th' Lord for his opporchune assistance in their wurruk iv rayformin' th' wurruld, an' with a few frills added in th' way iv food th' custom's been kept up to this very day. In iv'ry city iv this fair land th' churches is open an' empty, the fleet anise-seed bag is pursooed over th' smilin' potato-patch, an' th' groans iv th' dyin' resound fr'm manny a futboll-field. We're givin' thanks that we're presarved fr'm hunger, fr'm thirst, fr'm free silver, fr'm war an' pestilence an' famine an' each other. But don't ye f'rget it, Hinnissy, 'tis none iv these things we really give thanks f'r. In our hearts we're grateful f'r on'y wan blessin', an' that's on Thanksgivin' day we get th' first good crack iv th' season at th' Turkey bur-rd an' his r-runnin'-mate, ol' Uncle Cranberry Sauce. Ye bet ye.

"Th' Prisidint iv the United States says diff'rent, I know. He's got to. 'Tis part iv his job. Mack wrote a Thanksgivin' Proclamation about a month ago, an' he must be ashamed iv its mildness now. He'd like to dhraw it in an' substitute wan r-readin' like this: 'To th' people iv th' United States: Huroo! Huroo! Huroo! Willum McKinley.' But he didn't know thin, an' no more did I. He thought to himsilf: 'Maybe I'll cook th' dinner an' thin have to worry a bone in th' wood-shed. Maybe whin Thanksgivin' comes ar-round I won't have so blame much to be thankful f'r.' An' he put it mild. He says, to condinse his utthrances: ''Tis th' custom iv'ry year to issue a Thanksgivin' proclamation, an' I'm not goin' to call th' public attintion to me in me quite rethreat be failin' to do as me illusthrees predecessors has done. We've had a good year, takin' it all an' all. Th' Raypublican Naytional Comity has spread th' bounties iv nature with an unsparin' hand. Be invitation iv Joseph H. Manley, th' peach-threes has give abundant store iv fruit, th' smilin' fields have coughed up their goolden threasures iv wheat, corn, oats, hay, barley, potatoes, cowcumbers, spinach, egg-plant, etcethry, etcethry, etcethry, except in Dakota where th' crops has been kilt be th' Popylists. We have peace at home an' abroad in spots, an' disease is not as rampant as it was undher a Dimmycratic Prisidint. Be th' terms iv th' Dingley Act, th' sun is allowed to rise iv'ry mornin' whin th' clouds iv Popylism an' free silver don't obscure it, an' life is happy, happy, happy in Wash'nton, D. C. Oh, boys, if ye on'y knew what a good thing ye've got ye wudden't lave go iv it. So I ask ye all to gather in ye'er accustomed meetin'-places, at th' precinct clubs, lavin' ye'er bustin' barns, granaries, henneries, banks, an' mercantile houses to give thanks to th' cause iv all these blessing. Ye'er's thruly, William McKinley. P. S. If annything should happen to me on November sixth this goes with a copper onto it.'

"But nawthin' happened—to Mack. What happened to William Jennings Bryan I don't know. He 'ain't been dug up. Annyhow, seein' that it come out th' way it did, an' this counthry ain't goin' to be handed over to th' likes iv ye, we ought to cillybrate Thanksgivin' if necess'ry with achin' hearts. I'm always in favor iv givin' thanks—f'r annything. 'Tis a good habit to get into. 'Thank ye kindly' is betther thin 'bad luck to ye,' annyhow. Even whin I sneeze I say, 'Gawd bless us kindly,' an' f'r th' slender blessin' iv livin' at all I say, 'Praise be.' So we ought to be thankful. We have a big counthry, an' 'tis growin' bigger, an' we ought to be thankful f'r that, an' pray that it may stop growin' in width an' grow a little more in height. Th' farmer is thankful he has a good crop, an' I'm thankful I'm not a farmer. Ye cud always find room f'r thanks that ye'er not some wan else, if ye cud know how th' other fellow feels. A few days ago I wud've said that I'd like to be the Czar iv Rooshia, but I wudden't thrade places with him to-day if he'd throw in th' kingdom of Boolgahrya to make th' thrade good. Crowned though he is, he lies on his back while a trained nurse pipes hot milk an' limon-juice into him, while I go across th' sthreet an' hurl into me dimmycratic frame two furlongs iv corned beef an' a chain iv cabbage. Me timp'rature is normal, save whin I'm asked f'r money. Me pulse bates sivinty to th' minute, an' though I have patches on me pantaloons, I've ne'er a wan on me intestines. (I touch wood to keep off bad luck). No, I wudden't be the Czar iv Rooshia. An' I wudden't be th' Impror Willum an' have women peggin' hatchets at me. Think iv woman bein' that proud she cuts an Impror! I'm thankful I'm not th' Impror iv Chiny, whoiver he is or whereiver he is. I'm thankful I'm not John D. Rockyfellar, f'r I know I can't get his money, an' he thinks he can get mine, an' I'll fool him. I'm thankful I ain't Mack, f'r whin me day's wurruk is done, I can close up th' shop, wind th' clock an' go to sleep. If th' stars an' moon don't shine, if th' sun don't come up, if th' weather is bad, if th' crops fail, or th' banks bust, or Hinnissy ain't illicted director iv th rollin'-mills, no wan can b'ame me. I done me jooty. Ye can't come to me an' say, 'Dooley, th' north star wasn't at wurruk last night—what have ye done with it?' Or, 'Look here, Dooley, what ails ye, sindin' rainy weather befure th' hay is cut?' 'No, sir,' says I, 'I promised ye nawthin' but five cints' worth iv flude exthract iv hell f'r fifteen cints, an' ye got it. I'm not responsible f'r th' vagaries iv th' ilimints. If I was I'd be sellin' umbrellys, not rum,' I says. But Mack can't escape it. He has to set up at night steerin' th' stars sthraight, hist th' sun at th' r-right moment, turn on th' hot an' cold fassit, have rain wan place an' fr-rost another, salt mines with a four years' supply iv goold, thrap th' mickrobes as they fly through th' air, an' see that tin dollars is akelly divided among wan hundherd men so that each man gits thirty dollars more thin anny other. If he can't do that he's liable to be arrested th' first pay day f'r obtainin' money be false pretences. So I'm thankful I'm not Mack.

"But I'm always thankful f'r these things. Be thankful f'r what ye have not, Hinnissy—'tis th' on'y safe rule. If ye're on'y thankful f'r ye'er possissions ye'er supply won't last a day. But if ye'er thankful f'r what others have an' ye have not, an' thankful ye haven't it, all th' wurruld conthributes to ye'er gratichood. Ye set here like a poor-box in th' back iv th' church, an' iv'rybody dhrops in his bad money an' swells ye.

"But as I told ye, Hinnissy, afther all, th' Turkey bur-rd's th' rale cause iv Thanksgivin'. He's th' naytional air. Abolish th' Turkey an' ye desthroy th' tie that binds us as wan people. We're wan race, hitched together be a gr-reat manny languages, a rellijon apiece, thraditions that don't agree with each other, akel opporchunities f'r th' rich an' poor to continue bein' rich an' poor, an' a common barn-yard food. Whin iv'rybody in a nation eats th' same things that all th' others eats, ye can't break thim up. Talk about th' dove iv peace! Th' Turkey makes him look like a game-cock. Can I help ye, Mr. Hinnissy? White or dark? Th' leg, p'raps, or maybe th' part that goes over th'—"

"Some iv us," said Mr. Hennessy, gloomily—"some iv us will be atin' another kind iv bur-rd this fall."

"Ye're wrong there, me la-ad," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye're wrong there. Ye're wrong. They'se no such thing as crow. Thanksgivin' day comes too quick afther iliction. We're all r-ready f'r th' blackest crow that ivver Dimmycrat ate, an' we have our noses in th' air. An' thin we look down, an', lo an' behold! 'tis *Thanksgivin' Turkey.*"

F. P. DUNNE.

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* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

A STREET SCENE IN PANAMA

A CENTRAL-AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY E. A. HACKETT

TO be thrust suddenly into the centre of a real, live Central American revolution is an experience that does not often befall the traveller in those parts. The contemplation of such a happening is not entirely appalling to the average American, who has been educated to believe that such events do not carry with them that degree of danger which warfare usually implies. Indeed, it was remarked by a passenger on the steamer which carried us to Colon that one ran more personal danger in crossing busy Broadway half a dozen times than in traversing an entire district in Latin America when a revolution was on. Our observations and impressions at Panama reveal an atmosphere entirely different from that which is supposed to attend these uprisings. If the assault upon that old stronghold of the Spanish on the Pacific, the sea-walled city of Panama, is a fair example of the petty warfare so frequently waged in Central and South America, the personal bravery of the troops must be placed upon a much higher standard, while the military ability of their officers must be lowered in the same degree.

When we left New York, toward the end of July, it was generally known that a revolution had been in progress in the United States of Colombia for several months. The newspapers had from time to time published cablegrams, reporting the seizure of one city by the Liberals, or insurgents, and a few days later the recapture of the place by the Conservative government troops.

At Colon, as the old port of Aspinwall is now called, the residents were in a state of suppressed excitement. The Liberals were expected to attack Panama that day, with a very promising prospect of taking the city, due to the weakness of the garrison and the fact of the sympathies of the people being with the attacking force. We were advised that we might have an interesting experience if we took the morning train over. As we learned upon inquiry that the same state of affairs had existed for several days, since the defeat of the government forces at Corozal, a few miles from Panama, we decided it might still hold good for another day, by which time we would be safe aboard our respective steamers on the Pacific.

We were much amused *en route* at the groups of barefoot soldiers (of the government, of course), ranging in color from the jet black of the pure negro blood, through the variants of the swarthy brown of the Indian, to the pale yellow of the mestizo, or mixed-blood element. They were moved about in a business-like way, but with little enthusiasm. The equipment was comical to behold. Arms of all ages have found their ultimate resting-place with these troops, apparently, and yet there was no paucity of the modern, high-powered Mauser. How it is possible to supply ammunition for such a diversity of weapons is hard to imagine, but the belts were swelling with the fat Remington .44 cartridges, the delicate but deadly Mausers, and where the men had no belts, as was frequently the case, the cartridges were crammed in small cotton bags, strung over the shoulder, from which they occasionally dropped to the ground when the squads moved quickly. In the matter of clothing there was the same variety, but more so. The uniform of the common soldiers consists of a blouse and trousers of rough cotton goods—unbleached muslin would be the nearest thing we know to it. The original color is blue, indicative of the conservative character of the party in power, but the shades of color, evidently widely variant in the first place, were now such that a detachment of a few men resembled the samples of a textile manufacturer—all shades mixed on a card, from the darkest to the lightest. Hats were aplenty, and often two apiece—the broad-brimmed palm sombreros surmounted by military caps of a pattern long since extinct in civilized countries. Guns were carried at every conceivable angle, with no attempt at regularity, and the men moved along in a slipshod way, making no effort to keep step. In age they range from lads in their teens to decrepit old fellows of sixty. Many of the men are "volunteers"—at the point of a musket, and "peacefully" persuaded to sign on at the barracks, where they are escorted in a friendly way with ropes around their necks, used as leaders. The officers were fair-looking men, with the most gaudy of uniforms in every condition of ill repair. It would be hard to imagine a more attractive rig for an enemy's sharpshooters than the outfit of the officers we noticed.

The forty-seven-mile trip across the Isthmus is a very interesting bit of railroading in itself. The road crosses and recrosses the canal route, and the excavated portions in the lowlands are almost constantly in view. The Chagres River, from which the fever prevalent on the Isthmus takes its name, is frequently seen from the windows. It is a dull, mud-colored stream, with an apparently sluggish current. When the heavy rains fall back in the mountains, however, the Chagres becomes a torrential river of the most violent character; it has been known to rise over thirty feet in a few hours. One wonders at the boldness of the French engineers in attempting to control it—the plan on which the canal company is now proceeding, the sea-level project having been abandoned after the collapse of the old company.

The train passes miles upon miles of materials of the most costly character, nearly all of it unused and obsolete. Such of it as might be available for future use is but poorly cared for or protected from the elements, which play havoc with wood, iron, and steel in a comparatively short time in the tropics. The huge cut at Culebra, one of the greatest earth-moving projects the world has ever known, is decidedly impressive. One can follow the outline of the original mountain through which the company is excavating a trench to a depth of 120 feet above sea-level. They are down now about 140 feet above the tide, and it is not difficult to understand why De Lesseps's original plan of a sea-level canal has been abandoned when one sees the ground through which it was purposed to construct it.

Just before reaching Panama, at the base of the hill where the splendid canal hospital is located, our thoughts were brought back to the revolution rather abruptly by the steady crack, crack of rifle-fire. The train slowed down, the engine blew the whistle in several long blasts to attract attention, and the train came to a stop a short distance from the end of a trench on the railroad embankment. In a few minutes the firing ceased altogether, the whistle was blown again and we started slowly forward. On the right bank of the shallow cut of the railroad the troops were entrenched behind barriers made of every conceivable material that could be pressed into use. The basis of the breastworks was railroad ties, piled waist-high before the trench, which was about knee-deep. In front of the ties were sand-bags, mounds of earth, trunks of trees, and what not. In front of all was a covering of corrugated-iron roofing, and in some places a mesh-work of barb-wire. The men were the government troops, easily distinguishable by the bits of blue on their hats, in contradistinction to the red worn by the Liberals. In the trench, almost shoulder to shoulder, were wild-eyed little fellows, their brown faces aglow with the excitement of the battle. They shouted their "vivas" and responded to the urgings of the officers mounted on the diminutive horses of the country, who made wild rushes along the line, filling the gaps with fresh men from the rear, and doing their utmost to better their positions and the distribution of the men in the brief interval of inactivity. Both sides had agreed not to molest the railroad property. The insurgents couldn't, because they couldn't get to it, and the government troops only "borrowed" the ties and galvanized iron, barb-wire, and rails. Both had also agreed not to interfere with the free movement of the trains. After the engineer and conductor had made a short sortie to satisfy themselves that the track was undisturbed, the train moved slowly ahead. It consisted of a baggage-car, one first-class and two second-class coaches. The insurgents were in the dense brush on the left of the train; nobody knew how far away, as they were not showing themselves any more than was necessary. As the train passed the trench the troops cheered us hysterically, repeating their "vivas" again and again. We were all a bit nervous, but everything seemed to be going along smoothly until the rear car passed the end of the trench which we had first sighted, when the bloodthirsty little demons, unable longer to restrain themselves, opened fire, seemingly right over our heads. The train, being in a shallow cut, could not have been visible to the rebels in the brush, or else they did not care to see it, for they immediately returned the fire, and before any one could realize it, the rifles were cracking all along the trench, and we were between the line of battle in a practically open car, moving at but three or four miles an hour, and nobody knew how long those lines were. For unanimity nothing could have surpassed the movement with which every soul in that car dropped to the floor. It seemed as though the bullets whizzed in a steady stream through the open windows. Nobody cared to investigate whether they did or not at that particular juncture. German merchants, English salesmen, a fat Jamaican negress, a Spanish priest, a lawyer and railroad man from New York, a distinguished English explorer, all were endeavoring to reduce themselves to pancake thickness—a somewhat difficult operation in the case of the black woman and the German engineer, who wished they had not lived so well as to acquire a goodly degree of rotundness. It seemed hours before the train finally came to a stop some 200 yards beyond the government mountain battery, placed on the railroad bridge at the Caledonia road, and the bullets still whistled too close for comfort. The track was blocked by the train which had preceded ours, and there was nothing for it but to make a rush for some refuge. The station proper was full of wounded government soldiers, and was being used as the base of ammunition supplies; its corrugated-iron sides and roof were pierced at frequent intervals by the Liberal bullets, offering but little prospect of security. We moved *en masse* toward the engine-house, some few hundred feet down the railroad track, only to find it already filled to overflowing with Jamaican refugees. The railroad warehouse was crowded with the same dusky people, their *Lares et Penates* consisting mainly of beds, stoves, pigs, and children, the last in a vast majority—not very pleasant elbow neighbors, even on such an occasion, in a yellow-fever country. All of our party were ignorant of the topography of the town, which was, so far as we could see, shut tight, with doors and windows doubly barricaded. Although the firing was rather lively along the streets next to the shore of the bay, near where the revolutionists had landed early in the morning, the American flag on the railroad wharf seemed to offer the best refuge, and, during a brief lull in the fire the entire party of passengers crossed the street to the wharf, where two lines of loaded freight-cars, about twenty feet apart, offered some protection. Our attempts to reach the steamers in the bay, which anchor some four miles off shore, in the lee of a small group of islands, were entirely futile. The negro boatman, with whom we had made a preposterous bargain to take us off, had his ardor very much dampened by a shot from the government house on the sea-wall, which dropped just across his bow—a sufficient warning to all of us that

French Excavator at Work in the Canal near La Boca, Panama.

Unused Materials, Panama Canal, near La Boca.

we were not desired to move abroad. A small launch, under the English flag, anchored some 200 yards from the pier end, refused to answer any of our hails, either in English, Spanish, or French, which our polyglots attempted. In the distance we could see the launch of a British man-of-war, too far out to be attracted by our frantic hand-wavings or shouts, and no one in the entire group had anything resembling the flag of a civilized country. So we were compelled to stay four hours on the pier, making ourselves as comfortable as we could, getting the best protection possible from the freight-cars, hungry as bears, and with stray bullets making leaks in the corrugated-iron roof every few minutes. Three or four non-combatants on the pier with us were wounded—not seriously, but none of us relished being picked off by a stray bullet in a fight not of our own making. Fortunately, none of our party was hit. The rifle-fire had given no sign of decrease; the small mountain-guns punctuated the steady crack, crack of the musketry in a way that made the echoes follow one another from the hills in volleys. Some of us had become so accustomed to our new environment that we got over the habit of dodging every time the shrill whistle of a bullet passed near us. The pier on our left, owned by the English steamship company, was closely packed with British "objects," as the West-Indian negroes proudly call themselves. From time to time loud wails in that direction betokened the danger of stray bullets. Finally, toward the middle of the afternoon, a negress was shot through the breast. Flesh wounds had ceased to worry us, but when they became mortal we decided that some move was imperative. One of our Americans, with full-powered lungs, essayed again to attract the attention of those on the launch nearest shore, and finally succeeded in having a boat put out for the launch of the cruiser *Leander* of the English navy, which had fortunately touched at Panama on her way from Esquimault. When those on the launch realized that the boat was on some errand from the pier, they quickly raised anchor and steamed in to meet it, then on to the end of the pier. A brief but forcible interview with the boatswain in charge convinced him that it was his duty to aid us, even if he was awaiting orders from his captain, ashore at the Consulate, and while he could not take us to the steamers at anchor off the islands, he readily agreed to put us aboard the merchant launch or one of the small coasting-schooners lying farther out. The twelve of us made it rather uncomfortable sailing with the eight or ten jackies on the launch; we preferred that, however, to stopping on the wharf or the merchant launch near shore, which we ascertained was being held at the orders of Governor Alban, in case the city should be taken. We were finally installed on the forward deck of a small Colombian schooner, the *Panama*, with a bit of an awning to protect us from the rain and sun, which alternately beat down upon the deck with all the vigor of the tropics and less warning. The British boatswain apologized for not having answered our hails in the early morning, loaned us his field-glasses to watch the battle, and promised to protect us with his rapid-fire gun if the hostilities should be transferred to the waters of the bay. A double brewing of very black coffee, with splendid sea-biscuits, satisfied the cravings of hunger, which we all experienced, despite the excitement. The inner man attended to, we calmly watched the progress of the fight, which was visible in little patches. A small field-gun, mounted on a knoll, was admirably handled by the insurgents, but was finally silenced by the fire of the American gunner with the government two-pound Krupp gun mounted on the railroad bridge. Toward evening our friend from the *Leander* came out to us and informed us that the English consul had sent word we would be safe at the hotel, and placed the launch at our disposal.

Engineers' Quarters near La Boca—The Government had Krupp 2-Pounders beneath the Cross-Arms of the Signal-Pole on the Right.

The hotel was quite full of the better residents of the city and beleaguered travellers who had not been able to get away before the attack, but we were made comfortable, two in a room, and enjoyed very fair food, considering we were in a besieged city.

The firing continued all through the night, effectively destroying all hope of sleep. In the morning, after twenty-four hours of battle, a truce was arranged to permit of the killed being removed and the wounded attended. Many of the latter had lain the whole twenty-four hours without attention. The *Leander* landed a numerous party of men for ambulance-work; the men labored to the best advantage, but were utterly unable to cope with the great number of injured requiring their attention.

In the interval of the truce the shrewd Governor, General Alban, rushed some 175 men across from the Atlantic side by train, which the insurgents failed to dynamite, as they had threatened to do if such use were made of the railroad. The re-enforcements saved the day for the government. The Liberals, in spite of their extremely heavy losses, fought desperately through the night, but to no avail. After a few hours of desultory firing on the following day, the third of the battle, and about the fortieth hour of the fight, the insurgents capitulated, being forced to accept the same hard terms they themselves had sought to impose upon the city scarcely a week before.

The Governor promptly proclaimed a general amnesty, and though one of the generals, named Herrera, fled, the majority of the rebels laid down their arms and were fed and cared for by the government and the citizens. The *Leander's* men continued the good ambulance-work, and many were the stories of fortitude in suffering, even of mere boys, in the rebel lines.

In the afternoon the town began again to take on a lively aspect, the government band gave a fairly good concert in the main plaza, and by nightfall the stories of the fight and of the town began to circulate.

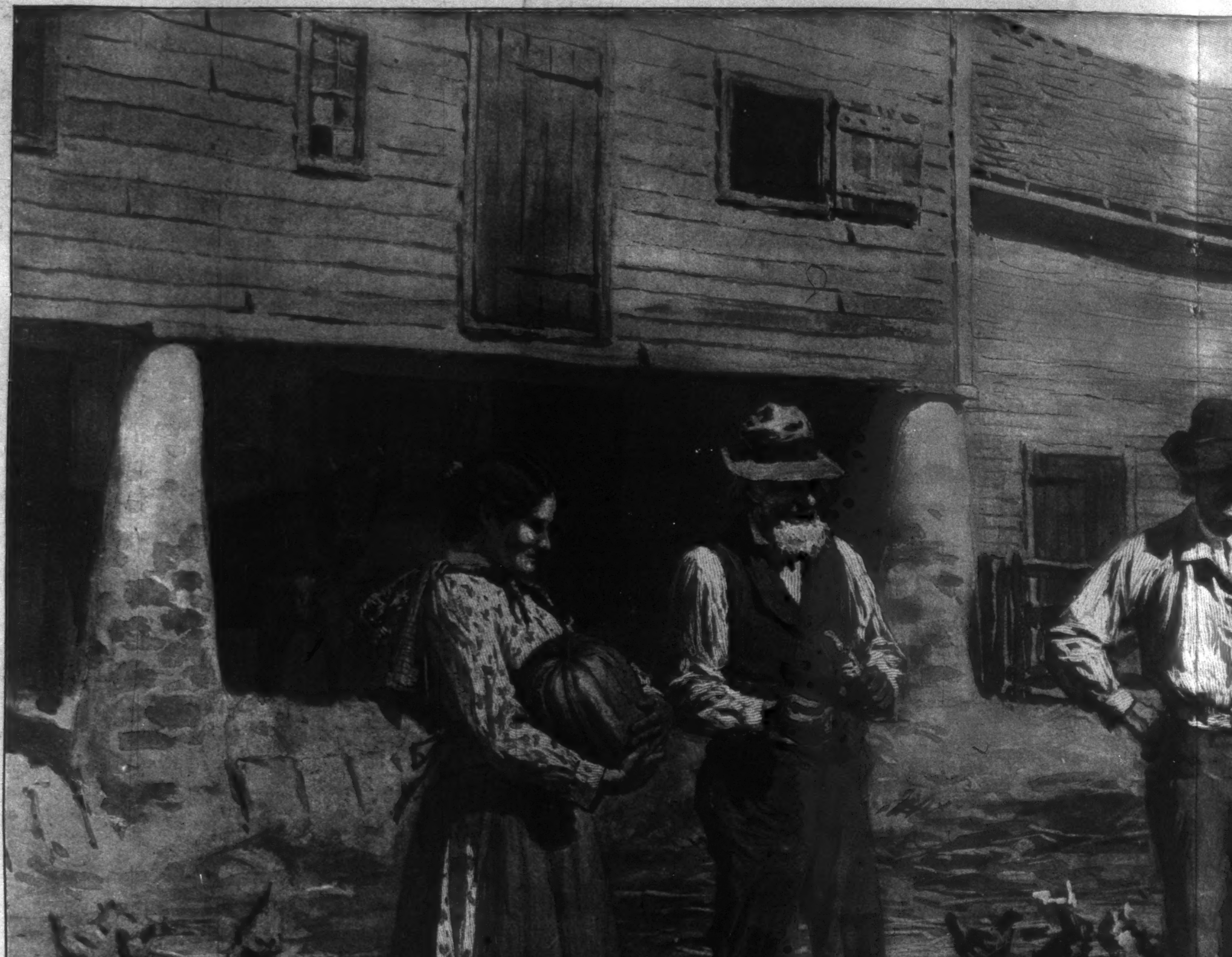
It seems that many of the sons of the leading families of the city had joined the rebel forces, and the stories of their bravery cannot be questioned. One mere youth, named Diaz, was picked up, shot through the body, within a few yards of the government trench.

The point of attack on the trench which had been selected was absolutely the worst possible from a rebel view-point. Had they made their rushes against either flank or followed the beach and rounded the end of the trench, there can be but little doubt that they would have gained the day.

A government general, Lozada, who had personally been vilely threatened by the chief of the insurgents, fearing the town would fall, had taken refuge aboard the only war-ship in the harbor on the first day of the fight. When things didn't go as badly as he had expected, he returned to headquarters, was promptly reduced to the ranks and sent under guard to the trenches. He redeemed himself there as a common soldier, and was shot through the arm in repulsing a wild rush.

The dead were uncared for for many days, and animals in all stages of putrefaction were scattered over the road, in the trench and the bush. It is remarkable that Panama escaped a pestilence. When the people finally realized the danger from such a situation, after three or four days, the bodies of men and animals were burned with kerosene in the wreckage of the native huts in the vicinity of the battle-field.

Ambulance Party from H. M. "Leander" passing through the Streets of Panama.



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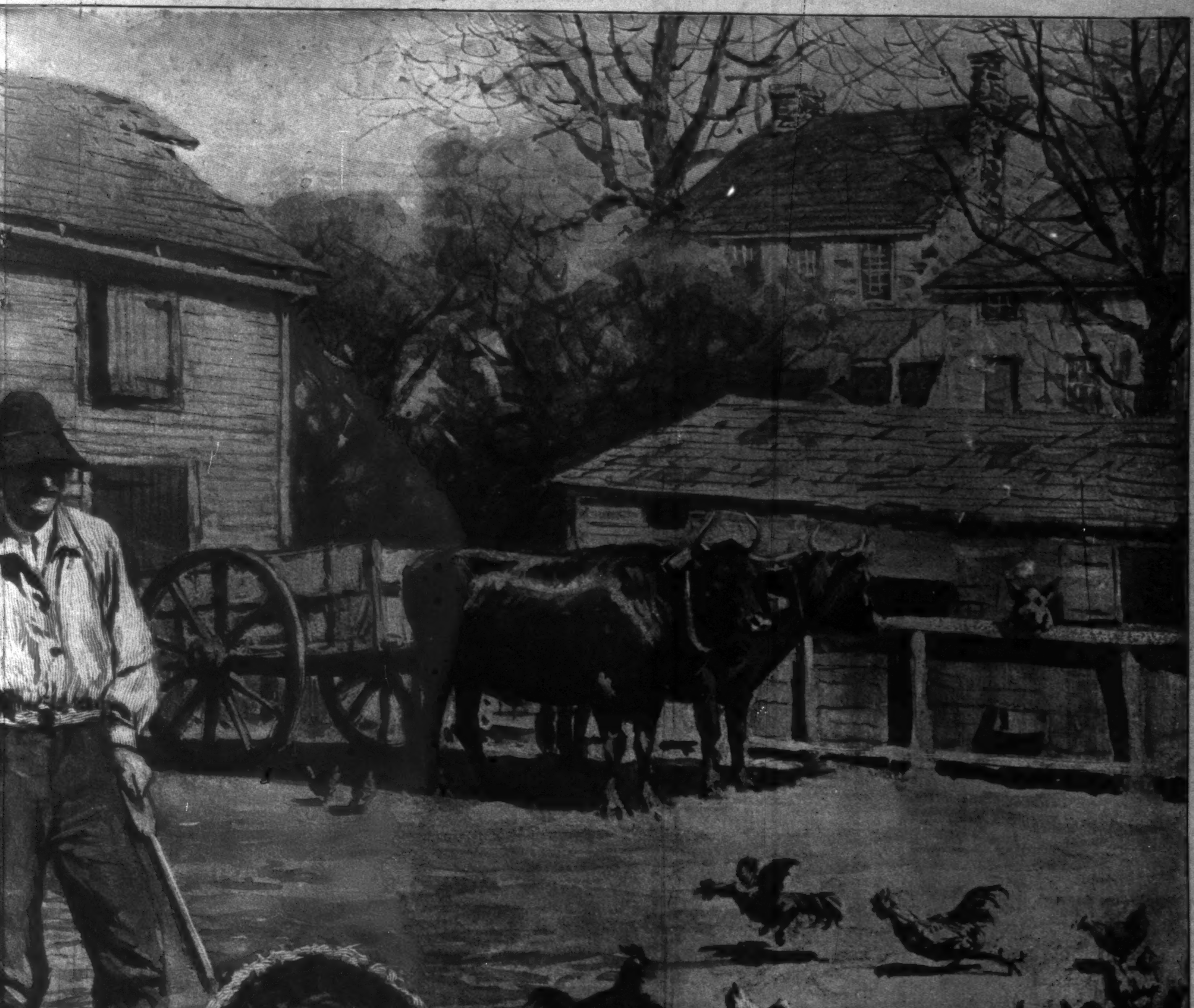


THE TURKEY

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

CHAPTER XXIV

ON THE "RAZOR EDGE"

IT was both good and bad news that greeted us upon our arrival in the patriot camp. The ranks of the insurgent army had been steadily filling up, and fully five thousand men had straggled in during the last dozen hours. But for the most part they were poorly armed and entirely undisciplined.

"They are brave enough, I dare say," grumbled the Baron, as we paced the platform of the railway freight station, the headquarters of General Ghika, "but a word from the mouth of the dynamite-gun is what is really needed to settle our argument with Jehan."

"Where is the gun?"

"Still on its way, and the roads are getting worse, if anything."

"Then you had better superintend its transportation in person," I answered, earnestly. "My hundred men inside the walls can do nothing unless the main assault is successful."

My argument could not be refuted, and the Baron, with many groans, caused himself to be hoisted upon a horse, and set out for the scene of the delay. But before his departure the good man was called upon to assist at a little dramatic climax, and, since I was a witness, it may as well be set down here.

An orderly had summoned us to the conference in the station-house, and on entering we found General Czareska alone with the Prince.

"Mr. Cary," said the Prince, as he motioned me to a seat, "I have just been informed by General Czareska of Mr. Coventry's proposition; we must accept it without hesitation."

"You can fulfil the condition, then?" I asked, doubtfully. "The 'Cardinal's Rose'—"

"Baron Kerker can help us out there," said the Prince, turning to the banker. "Let me at last relieve you of your trust."

The Baron unbuttoned an inner pocket in his coat, and handed a jewel-case to the Prince.

The Prince took the little box and looked at it for a moment or two as it lay unopened in his hand. Then with a sudden movement he sank down on one knee and offered it to the General.

"And handsomely done, too," whispered the Baron to me, as we bent over the table upon pretence of examining the big military map that lay there. "The boy has stuff in him, even if he did make a mess of it at the start."

The Baron had departed, and it was now close on to two o'clock. It was decided that our party should start at half past four, and this gave me the opportunity for a little broken sleep.

It hardly seemed that ten minutes had passed before Stephan touched me on the shoulder, and told me that it was a quarter after the hour. The Prince still sat at the table as I had left him. He was writing busily, and had evidently not slept at all.

"I am going with you," he said, quietly; and then, raising his hand, "No, the question does not admit of argument, and the General will understand when he gets my note."

He sealed the letter and addressed it. "When one has wasted many days, my dear Cary, he counts even the minutes precious. Let us be off."

Narbo and his picked men were in readiness, and we left the camp on the stroke of the half-hour. A quarter of an hour later and we had reached our taking-off place, and were preparing to string out along the jagged line of the "Razor Edge."

"Some one is coming," whispered the Prince, as I took my place at the head of the column and was about to give the word. It was Stephan, panting, and holding up a letter as he ran. Narbo lit a fusée under the shelter of his cap, and the Prince and I devoured the hastily written scrawl. It ran:

"DEAR CARY,—These Balkan children know nothing of the noble science of bridge-building, and our precious dynamite-gun is even now at the bottom of the Sankla gorge. I may add, however, that I propose to have one final fling of the dice-box, and am preparing for double-sixes. Not that they are sure to turn up, but I think the chance good enough to let you know of the possibility. So decide for yourself whether or not you will go on. Ever yours, KERKER."

"He must be pretty sure of his next move, or he would have contented himself with the bare statement of the accident," commented the Prince.

"Precisely," I returned, "for otherwise he would simply be sending us into a trap."

"Let us go on," said the Prince, briefly. It was still dark, but a faint glimmer upon the horizon's eastern rim showed that dawn was at hand. We picked our way along without accident, and now we were under the deeper shadow of the walls themselves. In the distance we could hear the calls of the sentries upon their rounds, but this angle of the fortifications had apparently been left unguarded. Coventry must have succeeded in getting the guards withdrawn from this particular point; at all events, we had crossed the danger zone without being discovered, and in five minutes more we were all gathered upon the little piece of level ground in front of the secret entrance. Two knocks followed by one was the prearranged signal, but my uplifted hand fell to my side as I stepped forward. The door stood wide open!

Irresolute and confounded, I stopped short, my eyes fixed upon the formless blackness of the passageway beyond. What had gone wrong? What was it that waited upon the threshold of that open door?

Something—some one had brushed by me, and was even now upon the threshold. I realized blindly that I must follow, since a braver man had led the way. I lurched forward; some instinct told me that the door was closing. My outstretched fingers grazed the edge as it swung inward, but they could get no hold; my naked fists were beating uselessly upon the rough surface of the stone. The door was shut.

Some one was coming down hand over hand on a rope that had been flung from the overhanging parapet. The dark figure straightened up as his feet touched the earth; his voice rang out stridently: "Back! for your lives!"

A sudden line of fire ran along the topmost course of the battlements, and bullets shrieked stormily in our ears. Back! to the "Razor's Edge," or we are dead men!

The fire from the ramparts was almost continuous, and if the marksmen had been a trifle cooler-headed they could have wiped out the lot of us in no time. But for the most part the Soulians shot wildly, and our line was now spread out along the ridge and half shrouded in the dense mist of a foggy dawn.

I was closing the file and was perhaps half-way across when my left arm suddenly fell as though by its own volition, and the shock spun me half-way round on my heel. The tall fir-trees, whose tops just showed clear above the level of the precipice, bent over and made as though they would catch me in their swaying branches. I had an odd sort of feeling that they meant kindly—surely they would hold me securely until help came; I had only to fall quietly into their friendly arms. Then a strong hand seized me, and I felt myself pulled up and onward—

Coventry was bending over me as I opened my eyes.

"It is nothing much," he said, cheerily. "A bullet through the forearm, and the tourniquet has stopped the bleeding."

I sat up and looked about me. We were in a little grassy hollow, a couple of hundred yards back from the gorge, and in comparative safety. The men were scattered about just as they had flung themselves down after their hard run. Narbo came over to where I was sitting. He had a bandage bound around his head, and his face was white and drawn with pain.

"You have lost—how many?" I asked.

"A dozen, perhaps, not more."

"And the Prince, where is he?"

Narbo looked at Coventry without replying.

"Will you answer?" My voice died away in my throat.

"The Prince," said Coventry, gravely, "is among the missing."

CHAPTER XXV

THE BARON'S DICE-BOX

COVENTRY'S story was soon told. He had made his way back to the palace without difficulty, and been busy for a couple of hours in overseeing the serving out of the ammunition—the defective lot, as you remember. So far there had not been a hitch in the programme, and his arrest at four o'clock, when about to leave the palace for the secret rendezvous, came as an unpleasant surprise. My forebodings had been amply confirmed; we had been suspected and followed and spied upon, and there was only one man who could have thus tripped us up—Maître Etienne Vauclot. "You were right in fearing that he had recognized you," concluded Coventry, "and with that thread in his hand it was an easy matter to explore the labyrinth."

"But you were arrested, you say?" and I looked at Coventry as though I doubted his material presence.

He laughed. "Well, they did go through the formal ceremony, but my legs moved quicker than their wits, or even the bullets of the sentries at the gates. I had nothing to gain by submission, and I might be able to warn you in time."

We reached the camp, and I went at once to General Czareska with my story of loss and of failure. He heard me patiently and with never a word of reproach. The Prince had chosen to go his own way, and the burden of his rashness must rest upon his own shoulders. But I, being sore both in body and in mind, would not accept these consolatory platitudes.

"Our opera-comique war is over," I said, bitterly, "and in the eyes of Europe we are nothing more than a pack of naughty children who deserve to be well tawed for our behavior. To-morrow the commissioner of the Powers will give us all a wigging and send us home in disgrace. And the day after that our punishment will begin—in the comic weeklies."

And then, having vented my spleen, I went incontinently to the other extreme, and, in the fervor of new-born devotion to the cause, I offered to lead the forlorn hope, an assault of the walls by means of scaling-ladders. It is charitable to conclude that I was a trifle light-headed from the fever of my wound. I have an indistinct recollection that it was mademoiselle herself who held the composing draught to my lips, and I doubt if I would have received it from other hands than hers.

It was wonderful what those two or three hours of rest did for me, and when, at eight o'clock, Stephan brought me coffee and a handful of biscuit, I was quite ready for anything. I gulped down my breakfast and hurried outside. A beautiful day and July 10.

Neither the General nor mademoiselle was visible, and I concluded that they must be in the camp, a quarter of a mile away. I could see that the lines were being formed. Could it be possible that the attack was in contemplation?

A hundred yards down the track was a low stone building, and opposite stood a car of the ordinary gondola pattern. Two or three men were engaged in loading it from the storehouse, and Coventry and the Baron were watching the operation.

"The dynamite-gun?" I questioned.

"Alas! no; but still I am hoping to make my lucky throw. See, they are filling the box now with the dice."

"And loaded ones, too," put in Coventry. "Hardly a square game, my dear Baron."

I had recognized at once those peculiar-looking cylinders that the workmen were handling so carefully—giant-powder cartridges, such as are used in mining and in railway work.

"The single track, you know," said Coventry, "runs directly through the Dragon Gate, and the truss-bridge across the old moat is still in position. Once over the hill, the force of gravity will take charge of the Baron's dice-box and see that the 'bones' are scattered. It will be more magnificent than if it were war."

And, indeed, nothing could be more simple. An engine would push the car up the grade to the summit of the hill a quarter of a mile away, and then let it go for that final downward rush, which would hurl it and its terrible cargo against the defences of the city. With the breach once made the army would be responsible for the rest. I turned to the Baron and took off my hat.

"My compliments, Baron. Your dice-box is plainly a lucky one, and I predict that the throw will be double-sixes. Are you going to toss the box yourself?"

"Of course there will be some one at the throttle of the engine," said the Baron, "and the honor is naturally mine—"

"But you have already agreed to resign in my favor," interrupted Coventry.

"All right, my boy," said the Baron, equably; "it was a fair toss-up, and you shall have your place at the levers. And now, my dear Nicholas, let me recommend that you rejoin the General. It is already half after eight, and the dice-box is to be shaken at nine precisely."

There was nothing that I could do here, and I might be of some use to the General at the camp. And so, with a parting grip from Coventry's strong hand (I am glad now for the impulse that made me offer my own in farewell), I walked up the track to the grassy plateau upon which the patriot army was massed, a heterogeneous mob, out of which the few officers who understood tactics were trying to form something resembling company lines.

Step by step I edged along until I came to where the General sat like an equestrian statue, his binoculars fixed upon the Dragon Gate, and his other hand holding his opened watch. He bent over his saddle-bow to greet me.

"Irma is with Stephan on the other side of the track," he whispered. "Will you go to her? Stephan has a horse for you."

I nodded assent and hurried off, for it lacked but a few minutes of the hour, and I wanted the opportunity to exchange a word or two with mademoiselle. And yet when I rode up alongside of her I felt that the seal of the common silence had been pressed upon our lips also, and that we must not break it.

And now with the first boom of the big bell in the cathedral clock-tower a curious thing happened. As though swayed by some inexplicable but overmastering impulse, the watchers on the house-tops and the soldiers on the walls were seeking safety in flight. Helter-skelter, Soulians and cits together streamed down like disturbed ants from their points of vantage, and the walls of Kar were tenantless. A few officers did their best to check the rout, but their voices could not contend against the clamor of the panic-stricken throng, and they were quickly swept aside. Well, so much the better that the victory should be a bloodless one.

The last stroke of nine merged insensibly into the steadily augmenting hum of the rails at our feet—

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2263.

Coventry was coming. The summit of the grade was at the precise point where we were waiting, and Coventry must have backed his train for a quarter of a mile or so in order to get a good running start.

The thunder-bolt passed almost at arm's-length, but I scarcely saw it, and I know that I did not hear a sound. All of my faculties were focussed upon the distant target, the foursquare bulk of the Dragon Gate, clear-cut against the blue of the morning sky. It looked as immovable as the granite hills around it, impregnable as the battlements of heaven itself.

To my eyes it seemed that the mass of moving metal barely touched the masonry, merging into it as imperceptibly as one dissolving picture blends with another in a magic-lantern show. But the impenetrable veil of yellow dust that in the next instant hung before the scene prevented me from grasping even the smallest among the subsequent details of the catastrophe. Nor had my ear been able to register the echoes of the explosion; I could only realize that the earth-wave born of the shock was at this instant passing under our feet. I saw Irma's lips go white and felt my own head spinning. Then, with the passing of the qualm, I realized that the curtain of smoke and dusty haze was growing thinner; there! it was lifting in the wind, and we could look straight up into the great square of Saint Michael over the razed and shattered fragments of the Dragon Gate. And for fifty yards on either side there were great breaches in the solid walls, room enough and to spare for all who might care to enter. And so the orange and black banners swept forward, and the men of Aetolia stood in the breaches of the city, and there was none to withstand them, seeing that great fear was fallen upon all the inhabitants of Kar.

On the "Razor Edge."

Irma insisted upon going on, and we followed the rush at a distance that accorded better with her impatience than with my ideas of discretion. As we trotted past the shapeless heap that had been the Dragon Gate, I caught sight of the driving-wheel of a locomotive among the ruins. And lying there under the wreckage was a brown Alpine hat, in whose band a gay little cock's feather had been stuck jauntily. Irma's voice recalled me.

"I thought you knew," she said, softly. "He waved his hand to you as he went by."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE "HEART OF KAR"

ELEVEN o'clock, and the "Heart of Kar" still holds out against us. The King's palace, as you remember, is a fortress, a citadel in itself, and it is ill work cracking nuts with one's teeth. And yet it must be smashed if we are to enjoy the fruits of victory. Behind the frowning walls of the "Heart of Kar" still sits intrenched the *de facto* government of King Jehan; his royal standard yet floats from the topmost pinnacle of the Red Tower. And if these were not good and sufficient reasons, be it known that our Necessity rides with even a sharper spur. Prince Infelix is held a prisoner within the "Heart of Kar."

But we have a six-pounder with us, and even now it is being rolled forward to within point-blank range of the great iron-studded gates. I looked at my watch; it wanted a quarter to twelve o'clock.

"One moment, gentlemen."

A casement in the gate-tower had been thrown open, and a solitary figure appeared upon the overhanging balcony of stone. For the last time Etienne Vauclot and I were to stand face to face. He spoke with smooth deliberation:

"You see, it all depends upon who has the last word in this little affair of ours. You, monsieur, are preparing a smashing argument, but it is not an unanswerable one. I reply I have only to lift my hand. But you do not understand. Let me present you to his Highness, Prince Infelix—for the time being my guest."

Behind him, in the embrasure of the window, stood the Prince, and farther back in the room there was the glint of sunshine upon the steel of a rifle-barrel. Yes, I understood.

Maître Vauclot cleared his throat delicately, and went on—in French, be it remembered.

"His Majesty, King Jehan, is expecting some other guests, and indeed they may arrive at any moment. Of course I am alluding to General Sarkof of the Soulian army, and our good friend the commissioner of the Powers. It is manifestly improper that these gentlemen should happen upon the unseemly spectacle of a family quarrel, and although we should not care to parley with a mob under ordinary circumstances, it is the earnest wish of his Majesty that we should come to an understanding. If you will agree to retire quietly you may take with you the person of this misguided young man, and we will consider the incident as closed. But against violence we must protect ourselves. The instant that gun is fired, I raise my hand. It is a simple gesture, but my men in the room understand and will obey."

And now the Prince was speaking, and in that great silence every syllable fell like a hammer-blow upon our hearts. Only a dozen simple words, but vital with the rhetoric of an invincible resolution, and we who listened had only to obey. Then, as quietly as he had come, he turned and disappeared within the apartment. Vauclot still kept his place upon the balcony, erect and watchful.

The distant note of an army bugle seemed to be the signal upon which we were all waiting. I never heard the General give the word; it must have been that the gunner had taken it unuttered from his lips. Nor did my eyes follow the course of the shell as it smashed fair upon the gates, and then, exploding, hurled them from their hinges. I saw only the stone balcony and him who stood thereon.

As the Prince finished speaking, Vauclot turned to give the signal to his men within the room. It was but a little thing—a vagrant puff of wind, and the handkerchief had dropped from the outstretched hand and was fluttering slowly downward. With the darting plunge of a hawk the old man leaned far over the balustrade and clutched at it—a bare half-inch, but he had missed.

It must have been that the mortar in the ancient stone-work of the balustrade had loosened and fallen away, for the entire railing gave way under the pressure, and Vauclot, overbalanced by the shock, had no chance to recover himself. The distance to the pavement was hardly more than a dozen feet; in itself the fall was not necessarily fatal. But as the man's body plunged through the air it suddenly seemed to meet with an invisible obstruction; arrested in mid-flight, it spun completely around, was flung violently upward, and then pitched heavily to earth, a shapeless, headless trunk. Incredible as it may appear, the man had fallen directly in the path of the six-pound shell, and at the precise moment to receive the full impact of the missile.

So passed Etienne Vauclot, and with him the evil that he had done.

The court-yard of the palace was held by the King's body-guard, but they offered no resistance to our victorious rush. Cowed and leaderless, they were only too ready to throw down their arms, and the "Heart of Kar" was won.

Once again Prince Infelix looked upon his people, and even while they shouted there was the trampling of horses' feet at the gate, and an official-looking gentleman in plain clothes rode in at the head of a brilliant staff. He looked doubtfully up at the Red Tower, but Narbo had at last succeeded in getting a pull upon the halyards, and the wind was even now straightening out the heavy folds of the royal standard of Aetolia.

"Let me be the first to offer my congratulations to your Majesty," said the commissioner of the Powers, with the most affable of smiles. But Infelix looked only at the woman who had come forward before us all and placed both her hands in his.

It was just as well that I had turned my eyes away, or I should not have caught that momentary flash of sun on steel. The purple hangings of the window served to accentuate the dead-white pallor of King Jehan's face, but the rifle-barrel rested like a rock on the window-sill, and there was no hesitancy of purpose in that final glance along the sights.

There was the crash of a thousand muskets in my ears as I plunged forward, literally shouldering Infelix and mademoiselle to one side. They were safe, and I too was unharmed. The triumphant thrill rose to ecstasy as I remembered how cleverly I had diverted the course of the bullet by that one turn of the hand. There it lay now, crushed and flattened against the opposite wall. The trick had been so easy—every one should learn it—to-morrow I should teach Irma—

"Missed!" and I laughed aloud and snapped my fingers in the Red Tower's face. Incredible! but the monstrous stone thing laughed back at me—at me whose stature already overtopped its puny height, an ant-hill that mocked at the Himalayas. But I must be quick if I would punish this insolent of a Red Tower. Already my head is striking against the vaulted sky—the blue mistiness of the empyrean is drawn as a veil before my eyes—now I have cracked the shell and I am drinking the pure ether of the upper space—the world a round ball with which children play—a pin-head—

And then all went from me as when one draws a wet sponge across a blackboard.

CHAPTER XXVII

INTO THE LIGHT

IT seemed to me that the room was very dark in which I sat, and certainly I had never left it. And yet in some mysterious way I knew that outside there were light and music and flowers, and that these were good to look upon. But in the room it was dark, and rightly so, for there is nothing worth seeing in an empty room.

Now and then it happened that people from this outside world came into the darkened room and looked sorrowfully upon me. But we did not speak, and I was never able to find the door by which they entered and departed. But each time they came it pleased me to think that they left behind them a little of that light from the world outside, and in time I came to see that my room was not so empty as I had supposed.

His name was Stephan, so he told me, and after many trials I learned to say it after him. And then my own name, but that I never cared to use; it seemed foolish that a man should need any mark by which he should know himself.

Stephan was very good to me, and he taught me many things—words, and the names of things, and how I should hold my fork at the table. And finally he brought out a chess-board and made me learn the pieces and the moves. After a little while it came to me easily, and we had many a battle. I may say, too, without boasting, that the pupil was soon more than a match for his master.

But one day things did not go well, and try as I would I could not turn the tide of defeat. From trivial mistakes I went on to egregious blunders; and yet I was not wholly to blame, for who could do anything against that detestable red castle of Stephan's? It was not content with its square on the chess-board; already it had crowded off all the other pieces; it was filling the room, and the walls were cracking under the strain. And now its enormous bulk had almost blotted out the sky; I could see the ivy clinging to its stones, the great flag waving from its battlements.

Stephan laughed and said "Check." I stared at him stupidly; what did he want me to do?

"Check, m'sieu," repeated Stephan, and then wonderingly, "No; not that! the King, m'sieu! the King!"

"The King!" and I sent the chessmen flying as I sprang to my feet. "The King! and what is it that the commissioner of the Powers is saying so politely? The King! and Irma with her hand in his, and beyond—the Red Tower!"

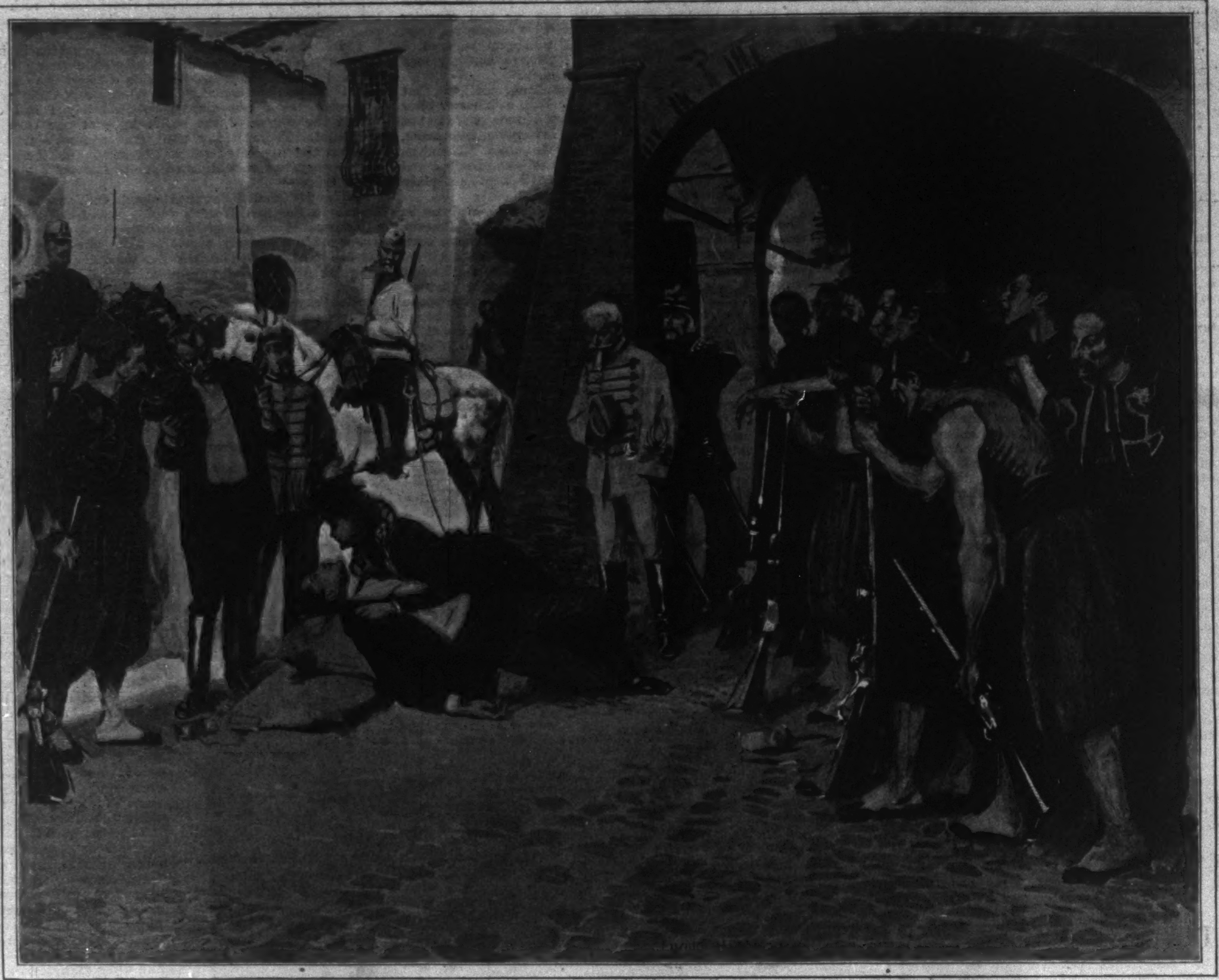
Then the scattered shining points resolved themselves again into the clear light of day and I saw clearly. I put aside Stephan's restraining arms and walked to the window. The trees were clothed in the invisible green and purple of the first spring, and in the garden outside my window there was a brave show of crocus-beds and of hyacinths.

"Is it spring, then?" and I looked at Stephan.

"April, Excellenza; we have had an early season."

"Ah, yes; and yesterday was July 10."

I walked over to the mirror and looked at myself. A little stouter if anything, and plenty of color in face and lips. Then I noticed the scar over my left



"And then all went from Me."

temple, and how it ran up under the hair. Mechanically I tried to trace its course with my finger.

"The bullet, Excellenza," said Stephan. "But the operation was wonderfully successful, and you were walking around within the week, a well man, m'sieu; it was remarkable."

"Then the difficulty was here?" and I touched my forehead. The poor fellow looked embarrassed.

"Excellenza!" he exclaimed, deprecatingly. "It was only that m'sieu had lost his remembrance of things and he had to learn them over again. But now it has all come back—is it not so?"

I went again to the window and looked out. Certainly this was not Kar, and there was something very familiar in the blackened façade of a wing that ran off at an angle from the main building.

"The Château Czareska?"

"Perfectly, m'sieu. That was the east wing, where the fire started, as m'sieu doubtless remembers."

So they had brought me here. I was glad that Stephan had left the room on some trifling errand; I wanted a chance to think this over quietly. It is no small thing for a man to have nine months blotted out of his life. It is a long time, and many things may happen while a man sleeps.

Nearly a year since I had sailed out of New York Harbor! By this time my few friends and relatives had assuredly mourned me as dead. Even Murchison must have grown tired of waiting for me at the Grand Central Station, and my sub-editorship at the *New World* had long since been turned over to a better man. My small estate had doubtless been administered; by this time my very name had been forgotten, unless some one had thought enough of me to have had it chiselled upon a monument at Woodlawn. I had simply dropped out of my old existence, swallowed up in the ocean of the unknown, without even a ripple to mark the place where Nicholas Cary had gone down.

Why had I not dared to ask outright for her whose name was ever trembling upon my lips—for Irma? Surely it were better to know the truth, although I could have no doubt of the answer. I would hear it in plain words, and Stephan was again at my side.

"The King, Stephan?"

"Aetolia, Excellenza, is free and happy. Can I say more?"

"And the Queen?"

"The Queen! But I had forgotten that m'sieu does not know. There is no Queen—as yet."

"As yet!"

"The wedding-day is set for to-morrow. What joy that m'sieu is himself again, and will be able to assist at the spectacle!"

Joy! Who would desire to be born again if he must pass through a second death? Would that I still sat in the darkened room, if only for this last day and for that to-morrow!

"Then mademoiselle is here—in the château?" I demanded, abruptly. The question answered itself, for as I glanced through the open door I saw her coming swiftly along the corridor. She stopped for an instant at the table to put the rose she carried into a tall water-glass, and then came over to where I was standing.

She took my hand as though it had been that of a little child who needed to be guided along a difficult pathway. I did not look up; the wild thought had seized me that the old mask might still serve me for this last day. But there is a sixth sense in woman, with which I had not reckoned, and it could not be deceived. Suddenly she drew away from me with a little gasping cry.

"I did not intend that you should know," I said, quietly. "By to-morrow I should have been across the frontier. He will understand—I mean Infelix."

"Infelix!" she echoed, wonderingly. And then, with a new note in her voice: "I had forgotten that you did not know. He died quite suddenly, six months or more ago."

"But there is a King," I stammered. "Stephan told me of the wedding-day—fixed for to-morrow."

"Theodore Agricola, of the younger branch. You knew him when he was simply Captain Narbo." She tried to withdraw her hand, but I would not let it go.

"He is to be married to-morrow," I went on, stupidly.

"Well, monsieur, there are other women in the world."

An incontestable fact, but I do not think that Irma greatly resented my inability to recognize it. Feminine intuition and masculine thick-wittedness are equally matters of wondering delight to the opposite sex, and a man who has stared too long at the sun may be expected to be a trifle blind to less glorious objects.

Even as she spoke she was gone, passing through the long French window and disappearing into the green wilderness of the garden. Yet somehow she contrived that I should know how to follow her flying footsteps.

It has taken me some little while to knit up each and every ravelled end of memory, but I have them all now. And first of Infelix.

He had learned the truth from Irma's face at the moment when I was struck down by Jehan's bullet. But she did not know of this until that dreadful day three months later when Infelix lay dying, crushed and broken under the weight of that black devil of a Transylvanian stallion.

"It is better thus," he had whispered as she bent over him. "The doctors had only given me a year at the farthest, and it hurts more to be cut up by inches. Nicholas will get well, and when he does, remember that it was my wish."

So Infelix died, and they took him up and buried him in the sepulchre of the kings of Aetolia. And all the land mourned for him many days.

Was it an accident with poor Coventry, or not? No one could ever say certainly just how the blunder happened. All we can say is that he did his duty and went down like a brave man to his death. Surely to such a one much may be forgiven of his errors in life. His monument in the cathedral is evidence that Aetolia is not unmindful of her debt to his memory.

The Baron makes us a visit every year, and the last time he was here I asked him for the solution of a little mystery that had always puzzled me.

"Baron," I said, "do you remember a rather odd circumstance connected with your abduction? At the last moment you wrote a note, which the General read, and which was then forwarded to its destination. Of course, it was your own private business, and may be yet. But perhaps at this late day you may be willing to satisfy my curiosity."

The Baron looked at the General, and both laughed.

"As you say, my dear Nicholas," answered the Baron, "it is late in the day, and the business has long ago been settled up. As you remember, the letter was to my confidential agent, M. Bert. I was heavily interested in the stock-market, and I realized that my taking off would produce a mild sort of crisis. So I instructed my man to sell all along the line—a bear raid, as you would call it in Wall Street. And the slaughter, my dear boy—oh, it was terrible! Consols and Egyptians tumbled like a pack of cards, and I gathered in my millions on the rebound. A good stroke, you will say, but still it was a fair game, and took nerve to win it. You remember that booby of a French lieutenant? Had the shot from the *Diane* gone through the machinery of the *Sea Fox* I should have been rescued, and it would have cost me twenty million francs to settle up my contracts. Do you wonder that I prayed to be delivered from my friends?"

And once again, and for the last time, I rise and say, solemnly,

"Baron, you are indeed a great man."

THE END.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

SOME astonishment has been expressed at the passage in Mr. Choate's Edinburgh address on Lincoln in which, after quoting Lincoln's remarkable letter to the mother of five sons killed in battle, he says:

"Hardly could your illustrious sovereign, from the depths of her queenly and womanly heart, have spoken words more touching and tender to soothe the stricken mothers of her own soldiers."

The letter quoted is almost as famous as the Gettysburg speech, and to say that the Queen could hardly have beaten it sounds a bit out of tune. There seems to have been nothing more in Mr. Choate's mind than to bring home to his hearers by a familiar and apposite illustration the womanly tenderness of Lincoln's heart. It was his compassionateness that the orator compared to Queen Victoria's, not his rhetoric. In his extraordinary power of putting deathless ideas into immortal words, Lincoln might fairly be compared—especially before an Edinburgh audience—to Burns.

Mr. Choate's address, as a whole, makes delightful reading. He had a great theme, to which Lord Rosebery did no more than justice when in introducing Mr. Choate he spoke of it as "one of the most interesting subjects within the range of possibility."

Lord Rosebery has a special kindness for American heroes. In one of his houses hangs one of the most noted and valuable of existing portraits of Washington. On November 16, three days after Mr. Choate's oration at Edinburgh, he made an address himself at Glasgow, on being installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in which he allowed himself a flight of the imagination so daring that it has excited no little attention. He spoke of the possibility that if the elder Pitt had refused a peerage and staid in the House of Commons he might have avoided the errors that led to the rebellion of the American colonies, and have kept them in the British Empire. Then he went on to consider various results of such a difference, and among them the possibility of such a growth of British power on this side of the Atlantic as might have resulted in the transfer of the seat of government to these parts and the retention of Britain "as a historical shrine, the European outpost of the world empire." The cable doesn't say whether his Lordship's audience gasped, but certainly he gave them unexpected entertainment.

* * *

THERE is a kind of chain, lately fashionable and still in favor, wherein links of gold alternate with jewels. The late Mr. Thomas Arnold, who died some weeks ago, was like one of the gold links in one of these chains with a brilliant on each side of it. His father was Dr. Arnold of Rugby, his daughter is Mrs. Humphry Ward. This contiguity of high distinction made his own place and quality seem more modest perhaps than the facts warrant. He was not so eminent a person as his brother Matthew, but still he was personally interesting, and his career has been notable for the illustration it has afforded of the power of the intellectual and religious forces of the last half-century to determine the course of a sympathetic and impressionable mind. Mr. Arnold was born in 1823, moved with his father in 1828 to Rugby, was educated there and at Oxford, and read law but never practised it. He became a school-inspector in various British colonies, and married in 1850, in Hobart Town, Tasmania, Julia Sorel, granddaughter of a former Governor of that colony. In 1856 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and came back to England with his family, and became intimately associated with Cardinal Newman. Presently he grew more liberal in his religious persuasions, drew away from Newman, and from 1865 to 1888 was an Oxford professor. In 1888 his wife died, and his relations with Cardinal Newman once more became close and carried him to Dublin, where he lived until his death.

It is evident, even from this brief outline of Thomas Arnold's experiences, that with him matters of faith were not only uncertain and subject to revision, but in their consequences were concerns of great practical moment. What he believed in religion at a given time seemed to determine his place of residence and occupation. It is not surprising that at least one member of his family grew up strongly impressed by the considerations that may affect modern belief and by the consequences, mental and material, that fluctuations in belief may bring upon the believer. It is hard to waste anything in this world. Thomas Arnold seems to have been as edifying to his daughter Mary as Bronson Alcott was to his daughter Louisa, though Mr. Arnold seems by no means to have been so helpless a parent as Mr. Alcott.

* * *

AT the recent annual dinner of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of North America the canteen question came up for some discussion. General Brooke, deprecating the adverse judgment passed on it by one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, said it had done a great deal of good in the army and should be retained until something better was found to take its place. Admiral Barker, speaking for the navy, said that the canteen might do for the army, but aboard ship it was an abomination. He was glad it had been thrown out of the navy.

The conditions in the army and the navy are different. Sailors aboard ship can be kept from intoxicants altogether; soldiers can't. Sailors in port are more nearly in the condition of soldiers, and the abolition by Secretary Long of the canteens in navy-yards, and the sale of beer aboard ship to sailors while in port, has been criticised as discouraging moderation and tending to incite sailors to try to drink in the course of a brief shore-leave enough stimulant to last several months. It might be observed, too, that the number of desertions from the navy is so very considerable as to suggest that the present arrangements for promoting contentment among the jackies are not quite perfect. Still the navy can spare the canteen much easier than the army can.

* * *

THERE are several reports of recent interesting archæological discoveries. A despatch from Naples relates that excavations on the eastern slopes of Vesuvius have lately brought to light a vast edifice, of which twenty-four rooms have already been dug out, and show frescoes earlier than those of Pompeii, of great beauty and in fine preservation.

A Denver, Colorado, despatch, dated November 19, declares that there has been found in the Minneapolis Mine at Leadville, 275 feet underground, two fragments of a human thigh-bone, the size of which indicates a human about twice as tall as the present masters of Earth. The Bible has maintained this long time that "there were giants in those days," and in these days of criticism and revision any corroboration of Bible statements that can be obtained, even by the use of dynamite in the State of Colorado, will be felt to be timely.

Still another recent report states that American officers who lately broke into Peking discovered ancient records there which show that the Chinese came to America 1500 years ago and built temples in Mexico. There are some ruined temples in the Mexican state of Sonora which are believed to be of Chinese origin, and this report of records that bear on them has stirred up the more inquisitive persons in those parts. It seems a good deal more likely that the Chinese came to Mexico a thousand years before the landing of Columbus than that any skilled person has had time since the taking of Peking to examine any Chinese historical records.

Various stories are drifting about in the newspapers about that "Brandywine Wall" in Mississippi, to which reference has several times been made in the WEEKLY, but as yet no competent explorer seems to have examined it with sufficient care to settle the question whether it is geological or artificial in its construction. There is now so much gossip about it, however, that its character is likely to be determined.

* * *

LIEUTENANT PEARY, the *Windward*, Captain Sverdrup, and the *Fram* are all somewhere in the cold north and likely to remain there until next summer. Little anxiety seems to be felt about any of them. The whaler *Eclipse* reached Dundee, Scotland, on November 8, bringing Dr. Kann, an Austrian explorer, from Davis Strait. He saw Peary last spring at Bedford, on Pym Island. His conclusion is that Peary, who intended to make a dash for the pole last summer, could not carry out his plan, and is wintering now at Fort Conger, with the intention of trying again next year. The *Windward* was either to bring Peary home or stay in the north. It has staid in the north. Captain Sverdrup and the *Fram* Dr. Kann believes to be wintering in Jones's Sound. Dr. Kann does not think anything will be heard of any of them until next year, and other polar experts share his opinion.

A number of new polar expeditions have filed intentions to start next summer, so Lieutenant Peary is doubtless well advised in holding his ground. There is to be a Baldwin-Ziegler expedition from the United States, a Captain Bernier expedition from Canada, a Russian expedition, and doubtless several others. Each well-found new expedition has nowadays some novelties in the way of equipment on which it bases high hopes. The Russian expedition has an ice-cutting ship which is expected to saw its way out of any ice pack. Captain Bernier believes in Nansen's drift plan, but hopes to have a better ship than the *Fram*, made possibly of steel. To old fogies who like to sleep warm and retain their toes polar expeditions seem unprofitable, but after all they bring in a good deal of news, and their news is not especially dear at the price as news goes. A big fire or an astounding defalcation costs much more than the average polar expedition, and does not last as long as a topic, nor make as many stories. First and last a well-heralded polar expedition makes a deal of reading. Long before it starts its announcements are recorded. When it has raised its money and its preparations go forward they receive attention. When it actually starts that makes talk again, and in due time after its departure speculation begins as to its whereabouts. News of it comes from time to time and is cabled over the earth, and if no news comes, note is taken of that. Absence of news, if prolonged, breeds excitement and discussion. If a rescue seems expedient there is much stir over that. If not, there is increased anxiety and increased yearning for news. Finally, the explorer gets back, or is fetched home by the rescue party, and says he got too near the pole for comfort, and that it is cold up there and food is scarce, and most of what isn't water is ice, and the nights last half the year, and when you change your under-clothes you have to chop them off with a hatchet. He tells other stories which are scientific, and are recorded chiefly in figures, and then, after he has lectured, he relapses into private life, and if he is lucky gets a job to guess the weather. But he always wants to go again. That is where he differs from the rescuer. The explorer never gets enough, but for the rescuer once is plenty.

* * *

A GREAT deal of grumbling comes from Galveston about the distribution of the relief funds. The Central Relief Committee, which has had charge of about $1,200,000 given for the sufferers by the flood. has lately tried to distribute $300,000 in money, and seems to have given very limited satisfaction. It is accused of paying too much in salaries to relief-committee men, and of seeming to act on the principle that no one is honest except itself. The Red Cross is praised for the way it is managing its work, but the committees, big and small, central and sub, are scolded. Perhaps they have deserved it, but undoubtedly their work has been difficult. When money is being distributed it is human nature for every one to want his share, and for most persons to want as much more as they can get. The Pension Bureau can tell stories to illustrate this propensity. Probably those distressed folk of Galveston who have wanted their share and no more have suffered from the greediness of others whose aspirations have been less restricted.

* * *

DR. PARKHURST was lately represented as saying to a reporter of a New York newspaper that there was great need in New York and in the country generally of a newspaper that would tell the truth. We have, indeed, Mr. J. J. Chapman's *Political Nursery*, the sole object of which as expressly stated in each issue is to speak the truth, but that isn't a newspaper, and for Dr. Parkhurst's uses it wouldn't count. He said—at least a newspaper has said that he said—that there are those who are now anxiously considering whether they won't start a newspaper for the purpose of telling the truth, and "sufficiently capitalize it so that it will have no trouble about telling the truth." But it isn't the most capitalized papers that are truthfulest. The evening penny papers that are habitually capitalized in red and black capitals from one to twelve inches high are about as trustworthy as so many dream-books. That sort of capitalization doesn't help at all. But the Doctor means money. Well, money won't insure truth-telling, though a paper in such a position financially that it need neither lie about its circulation nor lie to increase it would have a good start. A good many papers are in such a position now. Some of our newspapers seem to try very hard to print most of the news straight. Accuracy is extremely expensive, yet they spend money pretty freely to attain it. Where they almost all fall down is in their partisanship, where they suppress or distort news that weighs against their side and are over-credulous about stories that help it.

Dr. Parkhurst suspects that there can't be an ideal newspaper, any more than an ideal theatre, unless it is endowed, and doesn't have to take orders from its counting-room or consider the financial expediency of what it prints. His ideas of what his ideal newspaper should be are not visionary nor unreasonable. He would have it as truthful as care and honesty can make it, enterprising in gathering news, and careless of any sort of patronage that conflicted with its obligations as a leader of public opinion. He thinks the London *Times* realizes his ideal in most particulars, and there is no doubt that the *Times* is a respectable and very valuable paper.

But the most important single item about a newspaper is its circulation, and how Dr. Parkhurst's ideal paper would get circulation enough to make it count is not clear. The usual way to start a newspaper is to plant it in a garbage-can and clean it up a bit when it has got a strong start and can afford to be decent. Dr. Parkhurst couldn't follow that method.

And then where could enough clean and truthful money be found to endow a clean and truthful paper? Whose money can it be that Dr. Parkhurst has in mind that is so immaculate? Of course there is a good deal of clean money about, but a newspaper would take a lot, and a good many rich men would have to share the expense. There would be a group of contributing capitalists, and what any group of capitalists likes best is discretion in speech. A paper with half a million subscribers who pay three dollars apiece has in many respects a better chance to speak its mind than a paper with ten backers who pay one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. An endowed paper would be too much like an endowed university during the lifetime of its founder. It would have to respect the prejudices of all its backers and look out for a dozen sets of toes every time it stamped.

It takes a man to make a newspaper, and in times past it was held that it took a great man to make a great one. It is a great work, and though it is not so ill done in this country as it might be, we all wish that the best examples of it were better, and that the worst did not exist. But whether an endowed paper could be fashioned which, on the whole, would be better than any paper we have seems very doubtful. An industrious man by skimming several papers and making allowances can get most of the news as it is, and if Dr. Parkhurst's paper starts we shall probably skim that and make allowances and go on to another very much as we do now. It would take a long time to train us to trust any paper absolutely. We have read too many.

Mr. Gilbert Hare. Mr. John Hare. Miss Irene Van Brugh.

The Manicure Shop in the Third Act of "The Gay Lord Quex."

THE DRAMA

A NEW comedy by Arthur Pinero is always welcomed by those persons who seek in the contemporary theatre something beyond the plays prepared to please the mixed audiences that are necessary to the popular success of a theatrical production now. The Pinero plays seem to appeal every year to a smaller public, and it seems scarcely safe to predict that "The Gay Lord Quex," which John Hare has recently brought from London to the Criterion Theatre, will be anywhere near so popular as some of the great English dramatist's other works. The cynical tone in his humor has grown more marked in every succeeding play that deals with contemporary life, and if "The Benefit of the Doubt" be excepted, none of them has ever been so free from any consideration of the average play-goer's conventional sympathies and prejudices as "The Gay Lord Quex." None of them has been more brilliant in speech, and in the third act of the comedy the author's skill as a playwright is revealed more perfectly than it ever was before. Yet in spite of its unique charms, so rare on the stage that they might in themselves be thought sufficient to make the permanent success of any play, there seems little likelihood that this smart comedy of life will ever acquire great and enduring popularity. Its lack of healthy sentiment, the deficiency of a single character that can even slightly claim the sympathy of the audience, and the generally incomprehensible motives of its personages will never compensate for the fine literary quality of the dialogue. Its satirical wit and the rather grim irony beneath all the appearance of buoyant humor are not for the great public that likes its heroes plainly discernible, and is just as exigent in its desire to see the bad men properly punished. In a play, sentiment, or probably sentimentality, must be of the straightforward, comprehensible kind to attract the great number, and humor must lie in simple amusement, and not be touched with the conclusions of a somewhat pessimistic philosopher, who, studying rather a despicable phase of life, does not pretend that it is anything else, or in any way attempt to palliate the shallowness and depravity of the characters he is drawing. Aristocratic London life has always showed to Mr. Pinero its least attractive side, and he has transferred it to the stage with no attempt to please the taste of the philistine theatre-goer. Consequently, "The Gay Lord Quex" is not likely to afford very much more pleasure than did "The Benefit of the Doubt" to those persons who look for something besides the Pinero wit, the author's uncompromising and frankly cynical study of life and character, and his rather discouraging conclusions in the play. There was pathos in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Trelawney of the Wells" was fragrant with a gentle, old-time sentiment that counteracted the brief sparkles of the Pinero satire in that play. "The Benefit of the Doubt" and "The Gay Lord Quex" are wholly lacking in any quality that calls on emotions of the heart. They are both able to delight by their quiet fun, the easy crackle of their wit, and the obvious sincerity of their studies of character. That part of the public who take delight out of these qualities in a play will enjoy this latest Pinero comedy; but unluckily that is not the share of the public that keeps a play long before the public. And if "The Gay Lord Quex" were measured by other standards than those which determine popular success, it would deserve to take a permanent place on the stage, even in these days of ephemeral dramas. It is destined, however, to take a place in the library, where it is entitled to rank with almost the best in contemporaneous fiction.

THE titled roué who gives the name to the play has reached the age of forty-five before he decides to change his dissipated way of life because he has become engaged to a young woman, not entirely certain whether she loves the blasé Marquess or the young officer to whom she has practically promised her hand. It happens that *Sophy Fullgarney*, once a lady's-maid, is now a successful manicure and foster-sister to *Muriel*, whom the gay *Lord Quex* is to marry. This young woman does not approve of her friend's choice. She has heard that the noble lord is gay and knows that he once kissed another maid and then gave her a shilling. She has other grounds for her distrust, and determines to prevent her friend from the marriage with *Lord Quex*. Opportunity comes when her duties enable her to go to the country-house at which the nobleman, his betrothed, and a duchess, once among his old loves, are stopping. She is almost *passée*, without any moral principle to speak of, still in possession of every shred of her reputation and a little bit sentimental. So she asks *Lord Quex* to come to her boudoir and say good-by to her once for all. They will smoke the old cigarettes together, have one of the old talks, and she will give him back his presents. *Sophy* sees her chance when she overhears the appointment for this meeting, and the third act of the play, which would alone proclaim it the work of the greatest dramatist of his country, finds her acting as maid to the *Duchess*. Her former lover learns this only after he has returned the *Duchess* her presents, chilled her advances, and is about to retire. Knowing the manicure's mood toward him, *Lord Quex* suggests that she may be listening. He opens the door and the faithful *Sophy* is discovered listening vainly for something she may repeat to her friend and prove her betrothed's unworthiness. The struggle that follows between the aristocrat and the girl seeking to spy out some misconduct occupies the rest of the act and is revealed with the skill of a master. *Lord Quex* entices *Sophy* into the room. Then he locks the door and asks what would be thought by persons who found her in this plight with a gentleman. He can explain to his sweetheart that he came to leave a book with the *Duchess* and found instead of her maid the manicure acting temporarily in that place for her. The girl offers to say nothing and escape if he will only promise to be as silent in reference to her presence. When he consents she rebels because that seems too much like disloyalty to the foster-sister she is trying to protect from marriage with a wicked man.

* * *

SHE has done something almost evil that what she thinks good may come of it and will not delay the action by any consideration so selfish. So she rushes to the bell-rope and rings for the servants, perfectly willing that she should be sacrificed to save her friend. *Lord Quex* refuses to remain and ruin her reputation by having the household discover them. Her nobility, if such a word may be applied to a situation so unheroic, touches him, while his generosity makes such an impression on the girl that she realizes he may not after all be wholly without good and so unworthy of her beloved *Muriel* as she had thought. In the final scene *Sophy* shows her loyalty to the once-despised profligate by entrapping her foster-sister's other suitor with just the method she had tried with *Lord Quex*. The game works better in his case and *Muriel* finds the manicure in his arms. He retreats after this discovery, and *Sophy*, who set out to break the engagement between *Quex* and her foster-sister, has the satisfaction of seeing them united. Then at the close of all this activity there comes a typical touch of the Pinero philosophy. The manicure and her palmist lover are left alone. Then this characteristic dialogue occurs:

Pollitt. My love! what's the matter?
Sophy. She—she's left me, without a word!
Pollitt. She?
Sophy. Muriel; without so much as wishing me good-morning. Oh! when I've done what I can for everybody!

The palmist *Pollitt* is *Sophy's* lover and was once a solicitor's clerk. After she has expressed the regret that there was so little gratitude for all she had done, *Muriel* reappears. "Forgive me," she says. "You did it for the best. I'm sorry." This is reward enough for the manicure, and her head falls contentedly on her Pollitt's breast.

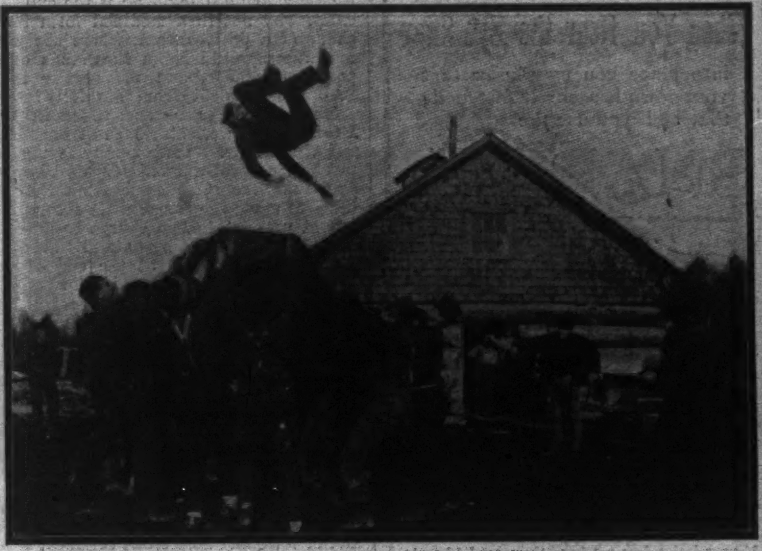
* * *

NO part of this witty comedy is nearly so engrossing as the third act, in which the battle of wits between the blasé, polished man of the world and the vulgar, good-hearted, natural girl is made by every device of the master-dramatist an episode of the most sustained suspense. This climax of the play is no solitary peak of excellence that rises from a level plain. Every scene contains its marks of distinguishing brilliancy. The characters that move about the central figures make a humorously realistic gallery of English types. The *Duchess* is an amusing combination of vanity, weakness, and wickedness sufficient to put her out of all consideration as a moral being, although it has never been sufficient to rob her of her reputation, while *Lady Onslow*, another portrait of aristocratic English femininity, represents its narrow and bigoted phrases. The officer returned from the coast of Africa, where feminine society was so rare that he finds every woman in England alluring, the humbug palmist, the emphatic society women—all these figures speak language suited to their kind and express themselves in words and acts that make them perfectly transparent to the audiences, so accustomed to the mechanical figures out of the playwright's box that they are at a loss to understand, at first, the creation of a literary artist on the stage. Mr. Pinero's point of view among the dramatists is not unlike Henry James's attitude among the novelists. How delightful that resemblance may make his plays to some persons and how baffling to others is easily understood.

* * *

JOHN HARE'S acting of the well-bred, self-contained, experienced man of the world is quite as intelligent in conception, finished in detail, and polished in composition as his art has always led the public to expect of him. He is, like a score of other actors called upon to represent the man of fashion, compelled to keep cool in trying circumstances. He does not in the least suggest his distinction or the dissipation supposed to have been a part of *Quex's* earlier career. But every detail of action and appearance is efficient in the precise style of the actor. Irene Van Brugh, as *Sophy Fullgarney*, indicates in wonderfully graphic, spirited, and attractive fashion the qualities of the manicure. The vulgarity of the girl and her good-heartedness, her impulsiveness in the attempt to rescue her friend from what she considers the ruin of her happiness, the variations of her feelings in the famous passage at arms, during which she passes through the most widely contrasted emotions—in all of these qualities Miss Van Brugh's acting was as much an exhibition of exceptional natural talent as of technical facility, remarkable in an actress of such brief experience. It may be that Miss Van Brugh has found a rôle exceptionally suited to her powers. As it is, she is entitled to a large share in the artistic triumph that has come so fully to the author, Mr. Hare, and the rather competent actors engaged in the performance.

LAWRENCE REAMER.



Rough Sport in a Lumber Camp.

The Photograph was taken on the Occasion of the Visit of an Insurance-Agent to a Camp in the North Woods.

One Rose

THOUGH countless roses light
And gayly gem the tree,
One rose more fair and bright
Than all the rest I see—
And that's the rose for me.
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Christmas Harper's Weekly

THE Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which is to appear next week, will be the largest issue of an illustrated weekly ever published in this country. It will consist of fifty-two pages of text and illustrations, enclosed in a beautifully illuminated cover. The leading artistic feature of the number will be a sixteen-page supplement printed in six colors. This supplement will contain a large double-page illustration in color by A. I. Keller, entitled "Love's Christmas Gifts." Some of the other full-page colored pictures are: "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," by Albert Sterner; "His Christmas Dinner," by Maxfield Parrish; "The Grasshopper and the Ant," by R. L. Mason; and "A Christmas Masque," by E. Stetson Crawford. Mr. Everett Shinn has also contributed a full-page drawing in color to illustrate "To and from McGrath's," a story by Mr. E. W. Townsend. Mr. Albert Levering, whose humorous sketches are familiar to readers of the WEEKLY, contributes a page entitled, "A Horse and Horseless Yuletide Episode." These pictures tell of the adventures of three modern youths, who set out on horseback to deliver Christmas presents to their rural neighbors and came to grief with such modern contrivances as automobiles and trolley-cars. Some of the other Christmas stories in this number are: "Wittenham Belfry," by Edward Boltwood, illustrated by Thomas Fogarty; "Mr. Mitchelbourne's Last Escapade," by A. E. W. Mason, and illustrated by F. Pegram; "The Foiling of Ferguson," by Albert Lee, illustrated by Albert Levering. Mr. Rhodes Macknight also contributes a complete short story entitled "The Vicomte's Campaign," the illustrations to which are by W. H. Hyde and Robert McNair.

Mr. E. S. Martin has written a charming poem entitled "Gifts," which is full of the true Christmas spirit.

There will be other full-page illustrations by W. A. Rogers, A. B. Frost, F. Strothman, J. W. Alexander, and F. S. Church.

The text will be in keeping with the art work of the number. Mr. A. C. Wheeler has written a charming little essay on "Going Home for Christmas." Mr. Theodore Dreiser's article, "Whence the Song," which is illustrated by W. Glackens, is an interesting paper of timely interest. "Making Toys for Christmas," by Paul Latzke, is illustrated with photographs taken in the East Side toy manufactories of this city.

The regular departments of "This Busy World," "Transatlantic Topics," and "Finance" will be found in their usual places.

Taking it all in all, the Christmas number will be one of the most beautiful and interesting issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY ever printed.

PEARS GETS THE GRAND PRIZE.

AT the Paris Exhibition, which naturally attracted the world's best toilet products, Pears has obtained the only Grand Prize awarded solely for toilet soap. This is the highest award obtainable for anything at that Exhibition.

We are all of us familiar with the beautiful Pears' soap pictures in the magazines, and now the facts they have been teaching for so many years as to the purity, economy, and general excellence of this toilet requisite are proved beyond all peradventure of doubt by the fact that so eminent and critical a jury as that of the Paris Exhibition endorses them with the highest honor it is within their power to award.

This is the twenty-first occasion on which Pears' soap has received the Highest Award at an International Exhibition. It began the nineteenth century as the leading toilet soap, and it goes into the twentieth with an even greater reputation spread over the wider area brought into the world's activity during the century. There are few products of man's industry that have stood the test of such a period of time.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Post Canteen

THE POINT OF VIEW OF A UNITED STATES ARMY PRIVATE

IT is an old saying, and in this case a true one, "Of two evils choose the lesser," and the leading spirits in the creation of a post canteen, to take the place of a post traders' saloon, did, in fact, choose the lesser evil. Beyond question to any rational-minded man, who has a care for the welfare of his fellow-man, a drinking resort of any class or name is an evil. The question naturally arises, "Why do such places exist?" Simply because people want them, and that is why the post canteen has an existence to-day.

It has been a well-recognized fact from General Washington's time down to the present day that soldiers are not all saints, nor ever will be, and that a certain percentage of the men will have their whiskey or beer, orders to the contrary notwithstanding. The founders of the post canteen did not establish it for the purpose of making soldiers drink, or to derive any profit from it, as the only profit there is in it goes to the soldier; the *greater share* to the one who never enters its doors. Post traders' stores and post traders' saloons have for years been the central figure in all military posts, and many a man with the political pull to get the tradership in a military post on the frontier has amassed a fortune by his ill-gotten gains from the soldier. The store and saloon were under the jurisdiction of the post commander, of course. He it was who fixed the prices on goods for sale in the saloon and certain articles in the store—that is, to soldiers; but the post trader has a political pull, and the post commander cannot overlook that fact, so the prices range rather high. The saloon, always presided over by a citizen of the lowest type, eager to make money for himself, would always give liquor to men to whom orders had been given not to serve drinks, the men paying extra for the risk the bartender ran, he putting the money in his own pocket. He would also take clothing of all kinds, as well as blankets, coffee, rice, sugar, flour, or bacon and beans, and sell them to ranchers or cowboys, making a neat profit. Many a soldier has parted with nearly all his clothing in this manner, and many a drunken cook and rascally first sergeant has disposed of the company's rations in the same manner.

The liquors were of the vilest kind, all manufactured of drugs, not a drop from any distillery, the rankest poison—pine-top, the boys used to call it. They said it was made of pine-needles and tobacco-juice. Commanding officers in sheer desperation have closed the post saloon for days to try and straighten the men out, but they continued the wheel just the same. *How?* No other saloon on the reservation—the reservation six, eight, ten or more miles square—the post in the centre of the reservation—no passes granted to leave post—strict orders for all men to stay in the post day and night—extra orders to guards to be on the lookout for men going in or out—no one allowed to take a horse or mule from the corral, without orders from the quartermaster, and a sentry to see that they did not take any, and the nearest town fifteen or twenty miles away—and check roll-call every night: that is, the captain of each company each night passed through the quarters with the first sergeant, and looked at each bunk to see if the soldier slept. Good old man, wasn't he? More thoughtful of his boys than many a father. *This is how:* Just off the reservation at some suitable point are situated one or more vile dens called in frontier parlance "Hog ranches," stocked with a vile assortment of liquors. A sentry on the corral would go to sleep at a given signal, a poor unfortunate horse or mule would be taken, and in a short space of time a couple of sacks full of bottles of whiskey would be going the rounds of the boys, or would be cachéd away for the next day, the sentry standing in on the drink free. If no mule or horse was to be stolen away, then it was a case of walk. But how about the captain and the empty bunk? If the first sergeant was in with the boys, he accounted for the man as on guard, in the guard-house or hospital. The captain never looked at the company roster to verify the report of the sergeant; or a dummy served the purpose—a toe of a stocking poked out from under the blanket and stuffed with rags, the elbow of a shirt-sleeve, ditto, and a blanket or other articles underneath the bedding to serve for the form of the body, and a muskrat cap stuffed for the head. There you are! Just imagine the fond captain gazing with admiration at the supposed form of one of his company, and at the same moment the real form staggering across the prairie, under a heavy sack of bottles filled with whiskey, and a heavier load inside. Did the officers know this? Certainly. Why did they not stop it? It was simply impossible. Soldiers would drink. So if the evil must exist, why not in a modified form in the shape of a post canteen, where the whole machinery would be in the hands of the post commander, and the soldier might reap some benefit from his folly?

The post canteen was started in 1866, I think. We were stationed at Fort Laramie at the time. Each company commander put in an equal amount for his company, and I believe some came from the post fund, to stock the concern. A second lieutenant was detailed in charge to purchase stock, and keep the books and funds, and divide the net profit at the end of each quarter among the companies, for the company funds, to be used by the several companies to buy anything they might need for their comfort collectively, with the consent of the company commander. Thus each man was benefited in a manner by his own or by his comrades' folly. All articles are sold at a small profit, giving the men good wine and beer in moderation, a clean place to sit and amuse themselves with games, many having billiard and pool tables in them, and restaurant attached; also all the daily papers and periodicals; no whiskey allowed to be sold; no fighting, or loud and boisterous conduct; a sergeant present all the time to see that the rules governing the place are enforced, and who is accountable to the lieutenant in charge for the preservation of discipline.

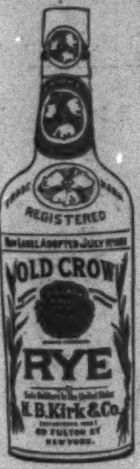
In a regular military post the most rigid discipline is enforced. What is the consequence? It relieves many a horse or mule of a long night ride, or many a soldier's legs from a weary tramp, and a great deal of brain-work in studying schemes to get more whiskey. It puts money in the company fund to purchase luxuries for the soldier's table and comforts for his quarters—the sober soldier who never spends a cent in the canteen sharing in the profits.

People must understand that soldiers are enlisted for regular or volunteer service from the population of the United States—the personnel of the army is the same as the residents at large of any city, town, or county—for that is where they come from. They are of many nationalities, and from all walks in life—from the highest to the lowest. The canteen has no corrupting influence. On the other hand, it has the opposite effect. It teaches the men that if they must use liquor, to learn to do so in moderation.

In a camp of thirty-five or forty thousand volunteers, what can you expect? One-quarter drinking are a good many men to be seen by one unaccustomed to such gatherings. A volunteer camp is not the place to judge a canteen, or anything else. Who are these volunteers? They are your fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins. Were they members of a temperance organization when they enlisted? Were they teetotalers? Did putting on the uniform of a soldier turn them into drunkards? Did the post canteen debauch all these noble men in one day? No. You only see enacted in such a camp, in an enlarged form, what you may see in your own town in miniature any day you wish to look for it. Why are saloons in your towns? Because people want them. Why don't you close them up? You can't.

The only things I feel sorry for, in this world, are the chronic kickers kicking against something they know nothing about—wasting energy that might be used to a better purpose. Men who have spent their lives in the army, and are well versed in all that pertains to army life, have only the greatest praise for the post canteen, for the simple reason that it is a necessary evil in the army, just as your saloons are necessary evils in your cities and villages.

If You Wish to Use Pure Whiskey



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◆

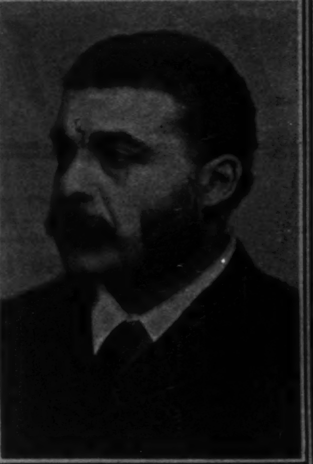
The Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *consisting of fifty-two pages of text and illustrations, many of which are printed in color, enclosed in a cover of attractive design, will be for sale on the news-stands Thursday, December 6. In order to be sure of securing a copy order from your newsdealer now.*

◆

The Season's Round with Big Game

MIDWINTER in the Maine woods finds the big game virtually imprisoned in the forest nooks where the first deep snows of the season found them. The bears in November den themselves up under tree roots, in caves, and in hollow logs, where they continue to doze until they awake, gaunt and hungry, in April; then the farmers in the back townships must look to their sheep-yards, for there is nothing more to Bruin's taste than fresh mutton with which to break his

Charles Hale Hoyt,
Playwright.
Born July 26, 1860. Died November 20, 1900.



Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.
Born May 13, 1842. Died November 22, 1900.

winter's fasting. The moose and deer, kept on the move by the constant presence of hunters and the cracking of rifles in the woods from the first of October to the middle of December, when the open season is over and the smell of powder smoke has left the forest, return, as a rule, to their customary feeding-grounds. The moose at the first coming of snow seeks the mountain slopes, shaping their course toward Mount Katahdin and the ranges further to the west and south, whose bases and sides are favorite wintering-places for these animals. The deer, which wander on the mountain sides and summits in late autumn, descend in little bands to the valleys as the snow gets deep on the ground, and in localities abounding in the twigs and tree-barks on which they feed in winter make their yards, as the labyrinths of paths that they trample in the snow in their browsings are called. Until the hunting season begins, next October, moose and deer may rest in peace from man, except for the distant crash of timber trees felled by the lumberman's axe, or the incursions of the conscienceless poacher, who risks fine and imprisonment by slaughtering them in their yards. As the snow on the ground deepens with the storms of February and March, the deer find it more and more difficult to extend their paths to the forage they seek, and in seasons in which the snowfall was unusually heavy they have been known to starve in their yards. The moose, with his longer legs and great strength, is better fitted for travelling through deep snow, but he too prefers to stay in his yard, unless driven forth by enemies or starvation. From foes in winter the moose has little to fear, any of the other forest animals seldom venturing to try conclusions with him; but around the deer-yards wild-cats prowl, in readiness to pounce upon the young deer that may chance to become separated from the others, and several of them together sometimes will attack a full-grown deer. One enemy, fortunately rare, is dreaded in common by all the antlered game; the scent of a wolf borne to their nostrils on the breeze, or his long howl breaking the forest stillness, throws deer and moose alike into consternation. But the wolf for forty years past has been little in evidence in Maine, though now and then one is seen sneaking furtively through the forest—an omen of destruction to game that experienced hunters dislike to see.

When the rains and sunshine of late March and early April have lowered and crumbled the snow, so that travelling again is possible, the moose and deer leave their yards to range the woods, feeding eagerly on the expanding buds and green plants that first appear in woodlands. The moose sheds his lordly antlers, and thereafter, until the autumn finds them renewed, he keeps himself in retirement, shunning the company of his own kind and all other creatures. During the summer, while his budding new horns are yet in velvet, he lies secreted by day in some dense thicket, coming out at night to the still water reaches of stream and lake to feed upon lily-pads and aquatic grass. Here he remains through the hours of darkness, standing or lying in the water, or swimming perhaps long distances to fresh feeding-grounds. The cow moose and her calf are less wary, so far as fear of man is concerned, being protected by law from the hunter's rifle at all seasons, but there are enemies in shape of hungry bears and wild-cats that compel her vigilantly to watch over her calf and sometimes to fight for its safety. She seems fully to realize her immunity from danger from man, and often displays great indifference to his presence. Throughout the summer she stays much of the time in the water of still streams and coves in lakes where water-grass and lily-pads grow, with her calf lying in concealment on the bank, but never so far away but that she can come promptly to its rescue if danger threaten.

The deer, which outnumber the moose fifty to one, have in general the same habits. It is in summer, when both deer and moose seek the waterways, that the voyager in his canoe may get some adequate idea of the abundance of big game in Maine. Last summer, in travelling four miles along a chain of ponds north of Sebec Lake, a fisherman counted fifteen deer in one morning. During the same season W. T. Pollard, a game-warden, in paddling ten miles on the west branch of the Penobscot River, saw thirty-two deer and four moose. Many of these animals showed so little fear as scarcely to take the trouble to leave the water as he passed, and one cow moose he actually bumped with the bow of his canoe. Facing sidewise from him as she stood belly-deep in the stream, she was feeding upon the grass at the bottom, thrusting her head down beneath the surface, and keeping it there while she secured a mouthful, then lifting it into the air while she chewed and swallowed it. By using the paddle only when her head was under water and letting the canoe drift when she raised it above the surface, the warden was able to approach so near that two or three quick strokes of the paddle sent the bow of the canoe against her side. The moose lifted her head and stared at the intruder in blank astonishment, then turned and rushed to the shore, where her calf, which had been concealed in the bushes, at once joined her, and the two stood gazing after the canoe until it passed from sight round a bend of the river. In late summer the deer come into the farmer's pastures and graze with the cattle, invade his grain-fields, and nibble the green pods on his bean and pea vines. This state of things continues until, all in a day, the Arcadian peace is broken, and the fearlessness of the antlered creatures toward man is changed to suspicion and flight. The cracking of rifles on October 1, the opening day of the shooting season, is a warning signal thoroughly understood by deer and moose, and at once they become shy, wary creatures, which recognize in man their most dangerous enemy.

It is in October that the bull moose appears in all his glory and strength, the undisputed monarch of the Maine woods. His dun-fronted coat is sleek and glossy, his magnificent antlers are spread to their full size. It is the pairing season when he knows no fear. He wages fierce fights with his rivals for the favor of the female moose, and the hunter's imitation of her bellow, made through the calling-horn of rolled-up birch bark, brings him crashing through the forest to the death awaiting him in the rifle's magazine.

The extraordinary abundance of big game in Maine is due primarily to the natural advantages its vast forests afford as a shelter and feeding-ground, and to the enactment and enforcement of admirable game laws by the State in the past three decades. Undoubtedly many deer and moose come into the State from Canada, where they are hunted the year round. Under the laws enacted by the Maine Legislature of 1899, the open time for shooting these animals was materially shortened from the three months allowed in former years. Now the season for deer-hunting, beginning, as before, on October 1, ends before the snow lies too deep on the ground for the deer to travel freely about in it. Moose may be lawfully killed only from October 15 to November 30, and there is a heavy penalty for killing a cow moose or a moose calf at any season. A hunter is permitted to kill two deer and a moose in a season. The carcass of a

(Continued on page 1147.)

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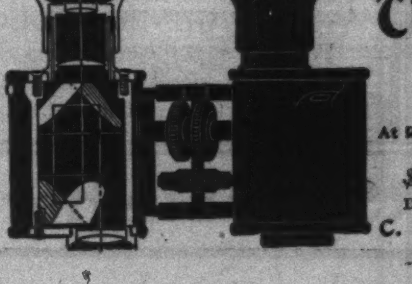

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(Continued from page 1145.)

moose or deer can be shipped out of the State only when accompanied by the person who shot it. Every person who hunts in Maine, not a resident of the State, is required by law to employ a registered guide, and most Maine sportsmen, whose homes are not actually in the hunting region, prefer to engage the services of one when in quest of big game. There are 1780 registered wood-guides in Maine, and the amount paid them last year by hunters and fishermen was $225,000. The only permitted methods of hunting deer and moose in Maine are by stalking, shooting from boats, and watching by streams and runways. The use of dogs and of jack-lights is prohibited, and the term of the closed season was expressly arranged so as to cover the months when the deer and moose are in their yards, or might in any way be hampered in escaping the hunter by depth of snow.

For one picturesque inhabitant of the Maine woods, the bear, there is no closed time, the killing of this animal being encouraged at all seasons. That he makes a fair representation in Maine's list of big game the record of fifty-five bears killed last year testifies. He is an omniverous feeder, and his diet in general is regulated by what he can find to eat. Some of the ways in which he gets his living account for the disapproval in which he is held, for he is an inveterate killer of fawns, a fish-poacher, and a robber of farm-yards, beehives, and green corn-fields. The berry and nutting seasons are his feasting-times, when he lays the fat on his ribs which stands him in good stead through the long months of his winter hibernation. The steaks from a beechnut-fed bear are an agreeable variation from venison in the fare of hunting-camps; when obtainable they are served as a choice viand in the Bangor hotels and restaurants, and many bear carcasses find their way to the Boston markets. In hunting the bear, all means, fair and foul, are used. He is trapped, tracked with dogs, shot on sight when encountered by hunters in pursuit of deer, and not infrequently killed with axes by lumbermen who come upon him asleep in his winter home. But his wariness, cunning, and the astonishing speed with which he can get over a rough country stand him in good hand, and with all the hunting of him done, the number of bears in Maine does not materially lessen from year to year.

That antlered northern nomad the caribou has again made one of his periodical disappearances from the Maine woodlands. Essentially migratory in his habits, his departure has caused no surprise to old hunters who have known his ways of coming and going in former years. Of all forest travellers, the caribou, which is the American reindeer, is the swiftest and surest; his broad, spreading feet, which are concave at the bottom, uphold him on soft bog or snow, smooth rock or slippery ice, and, once startled, he goes straight away over all country, with a long stride that carries him beyond all pursuit. The food of the caribou, like that of the Lapland reindeer, is mosses and lichens, which he seeks, according to the season of year, in swamps and bogs or on rocky mountain summits. A striking sight, observed in the experience of many a Maine woodsman, is that of a band of caribou in early winter scattered upon a mountain-side, scraping the snow from the rocks with hoofs and antlers as they feed, or silhouetted against the sky as, strung out in a long line, they follow the leader of the herd along the summit of a ridge on their way to new pastures. Six years ago herds of caribou, numbering hundreds in each, fed in Maine, their favorite grounds being the bogs that stretch from the base of Mount Katahdin. The next year the only caribou reported were a few widely scattered bands, the largest of which numbered at most but six or seven animals. These likewise have vanished, and the latest report of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners announces that the caribou has disappeared from the State. Where the herds have gone is one of the things that no man knows, but there can be no doubt that they crossed the Canada border. Rather late in the day, the Maine Legislature last year declared a closed time of six years on caribou. Meantime the herds, moss-gathering somewhere in the wilderness in New Brunswick or the St. Lawrence Valley, are at peace, let us hope, from wolves and pot-hunters. It is reasonably certain that, if not exterminated before it can come about, the migratory instinct will once more awaken in them, and they will reappear in Maine as suddenly as they went.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

AT the coming short session of Congress some effort will be made to reduce the revenues of the government and make the Treasury surplus more manageable, but nothing very radical will be undertaken. There have been consultations on the subject among the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and the House Committee on Ways and Means is already at work on a measure to be introduced early in the session. It is generally understood that the reduction of "war taxes" will be only in the internal-revenue schedule, and that the tariff will be undisturbed.

Although for the last fiscal year, ending with June 30, there was a surplus of receipts over expenditures of more than $81,000,000, and there is no reason to expect a falling off in revenues under the existing law, it is reported that the Administration does not favor a reduction of more than $20,000,000 or $30,000,000. The reason seems to be the possibility of a decrease in receipts and the probability of an increase in expenditures. "War expenses" are still going on in the Philippines, and military and naval expenses are still kept on an increased scale on account of the occupation of Cuba and the complications in China, and there will be an effort for a permanent increase of the army and navy as well as for a better defence of the sea-coasts. Then the ship-subsidy bill will be pressed, contemplating an annual disbursement of $9,000,000, and the Nicaragua Canal project will be pushed for the construction of the waterway at the government expense. Just what may come out of the session in the way of enlarged expenditures cannot be calculated, and there is a disposition to make any radical diminution of revenues wait.

Apart from the encouragement of extravagant appropriations the surplus is the source of embarrassment to the Treasury and of disturbance to the money-market. During the past months the payment of premiums in the process of refunding bonds at two per cent. and the calling in of the extended twos, amounting to about $25,000,000, has afforded some relief, but there is a constant tendency of the Sub-Treasury to draw funds from circulation, which cannot be steadily counterbalanced by making deposits in the national banks. It is highly desirable that the Treasury operations should work as nearly as practicable at a balance of receipts and disturbance.

Nothing is likely to be done by Congress for another year affecting the currency. The result of the election is regarded as putting the gold standard out of immediate peril, and giving assurance that all forms of currency will be maintained at a parity with gold in spite of any defects in the law. The remedy for these defects can now safely wait for the meeting of the next Congress, of which one branch has just been elected and one-third of the other will be changed by the State Legislatures before next March. That meeting, unless an extra session should be called, which is not likely, will not take place until December next year, and then it will be for a session long enough for whatever may be brought before it.

Silver is no longer an element of danger in the currency. The amount of silver in circulation and in the Treasury is in the neighborhood of $500,000,000, and the coining of the bullion purchased with Treasury notes still outstanding and the issue of certificates to replace those notes may add another $100,000,000. That is likely to be our limit of silver coinage apart from the subsidiary coin, while the gold in circulation and in the Treasury already amounts to $1,000,000,000 and is constantly increasing. The legal-tender notes, being amply secured by the redemption fund, are not likely to be disturbed for a long time to come, and even the national-bank currency is less a subject of agitation than a few years ago. The currency act having given it a new lease of life, it will probably not be made the subject of further legislation for a good while, though many authorities continue to criticise its lack of elasticity. The refunding of old bonds in two-per-cents. has reached over $355,000,000, of which all but about $30,000,000 are held by national banks.

There are still outstanding about $350,000,000 of the five-per-cents. of 1904 and the fours of 1907, which are refundable under the law. There remains the three-per-cent. loan of 1908-18 and the fours of 1925, amounting together to about $285,000,000, which may sometime be made available for the security of bank-notes on the same terms as the others. At all events, there is no immediate danger of a failure of the form of security to which we have been accustomed for nearly forty years.

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